

A vertical, sepia-toned portrait of a young boy with dark hair, looking slightly to the left. He is wearing a dark, patterned jacket over a light-colored collared shirt. The portrait is framed by a dark border.

Series of American Boy Books

WAR STORIES

FROM
"The American
Boy."

25 Cents.

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WAR STORIES

FROM

“THE AMERICAN BOY.”

BRAVERY THAT MADE HISTORY.

FRANK H. SWEET.

The United States, after a long series of depredations by the piratical powers of the Barbary coast, determined, in 1803, to punish them severely, beginning with Tripoli—the worst of the lot. For this purpose Commodore Edward Preble was sent to the Mediterranean with a squadron consisting of the frigate *Constitution*, the *Philadelphia*, a heavy frigate carrying forty-four guns, and several smaller vessels. While Commodore Preble was making preparations to attack Tripoli, which was strongly protected by forts and ships, the *Philadelphia* cruised actively in the neighborhood of the town. While chasing a Tripolitan vessel on the 31st of October, 1803, the frigate ran upon a reef not marked in the charts, near the mouth of the harbor, and it was found impossible to get her off. Here she was attacked by a large Tripolitan force, and after ordering the magazines to be drowned and the ship to be scuttled, Captain Bainbridge, her com-

mander, was compelled to lower his flag. He and the whole ship's company were immediately taken to Tripoli and thrown into a dungeon.

But, unfortunately, the work of scuttling had been imperfectly done, and in a little while the Philadelphia, repaired and refitted, was lying at anchor before the Bey's castle, with the Tripolitan flag flying from her peak.

Not only was the loss of the frigate a severe blow, but the fact that she had been added to the enemy's force made the situation extremely awkward. But Commodore Preble was fortunate in having among his captains five young men of extraordinary capacity and daring, all under twenty-five years of age, and all later of marked service to the country.

Naturally, the common thought was to recapture or destroy the Philadelphia, but Commodore Preble was as prudent as he was brave, and sternly rejected the desperate schemes which were proposed to bring the frigate through so difficult and dangerous a passage as the mouth of the harbor at Tripoli, and would consider nothing except the destruction of the ship at the moorings. Finally a plan was adopted and the execution of it entrusted to Stephen Decatur, a lieutenant commanding the schooner Enterprise. Decatur was at that time twenty-four years old, tall, handsome, and known as an admirable seaman and a man absolutely without fear.

He had lately captured a Tripolitan ketch, the Mastico, which had been renamed the Intrepid. As it was intended to enter the harbor by stratagem, this ketch, which was of a build and size common in the Mediterranean, was to

be used, instead of Decatur's own schooner, the *Enterprise*. The ketch, which was of about fifty tons and carried four guns, was to be disguised as a fruit vessel from Malta, and such of her officers and men as would be visible, were to be dressed as Maltese sailors. Captain Stewart, afterward the celebrated commodore, was to support the *Intrepid* with his little schooner *Syren*.

Though the expedition would be hazardous in the extreme, when Decatur mustered his crew and called for volunteers, every man and boy on the schooner stepped forward. From these he selected eighty-two of the most active men. He had intended to take but one of his lieutenants, James Lawrence—the Lawrence who lived to give the watchword to the American navy, "Don't give up the ship"—but out of consideration for their feelings, changed his mind and took the other two, Thorn and Bainbridge, also. Besides these, he had a midshipman, Thomas Macdonough, afterward the famous commodore—and five midshipmen who joined him from the *Constitution*—Charles Morris, afterward Captain Hull's first lieutenant in his escape in the *Constitution* from Admiral Broke's squadron, and later in his capture of the *Guerriere*—Izard, Laws, Davis, and Rowe. The enterprise was one requiring desperate valor and the utmost coolness and intelligence, and better men could not have been found to undertake it.

About sunset, on February 16th, these men found themselves at the entrance of the harbor, with the grim pile of the Bey's castle frowning down at them. The chain of forts was in a semi-circle around the rocky basin, and so placed as to concentrate the fire of more than a hun-

dred cannon on any point. Close in shore, under the protection of the heavy guns of the castle and the chain of forts, was the Philadelphia, fully armed and manned, with two small cruisers near her, and a number of galleys and gunboats.

But the crew of the Intrepid never thought of danger. They had made every preparation possible, and now moved slowly into the harbor, nearer and yet nearer to the huge black hull of the Philadelphia. The ammunition and combustibles to destroy the frigate were on the Intrepid's deck, covered with tarpaulin. The men, armed and ready for the word, were concealed under the bulwarks. A few officers, in round jackets and caps, lay about the deck. Salvatore Catalano, the Sicilian pilot, was at the wheel, and beside him lounged Decatur, disguised as a Maltese sailor.

Presently the breeze fell, leaving the Syren becalmed in the offing, and unable to be of the slightest assistance; the ketch's motion on the blue water of the harbor also became almost imperceptible. But by this time she was close up to the black hull of the Philadelphia, and still moving onward slowly. The Tripolitan officers and men were lying about the frigate's deck, while the officer on duty, smoking a long pipe, hung over the side. The Tripolitan had noticed the Syren three miles away in the offing, and asked what vessel it was. Catalano replied that it was probably the Transfer, a transport which the Tripolitans had lately bought and were hourly expecting.

When the ketch got to within about two hundred yards of the frigate's bow, for which she was making, Catalano

asked permission to lie by until morning, adding that the ketch had lost her anchors in a recent gale. The request was unusual, and the officer hesitated, but presently said that he would send a boat with a fast.

As this boat was lowered from the Philadelphia another one was lowered from the ketch, commanded by James Lawrence. The two met midway, and taking the fast from the Tripolitan boat, Lawrence rowed back to the ketch, and she was secured to the frigate by a hawser. The crew then roused upon the hawser and breasted along the frigate's side toward the port bow.

This brought them directly under the frigates broadside, and had their character been suspected the ketch could have been instantly blown from the water. But in the black shadow cast by the frigate the critical moments passed until they emerged into a broad patch of moonlight; then their anchors were seen upon the deck, with the cables coiled around them.

"Keep off!" shouted the Tripolitan officer, but it was too late, for the ketch was now grinding against the Philadelphia's bows, and armed men appearing like magic upon her decks. The cry of "Americanos!" rang through the ship, accompanied by Decatur's ringing command, "Board!"

Instantly the Americans were scrambling up the frigate's chain plates, through her ports, at every point on which a foot or hand could secure hold. Midshipman Laws would have been first in the ship but for the pistols in his boarding belt catching in the port, so Midshipman Charles Morris got ahead of him. Decatur was the next

man after Morris to touch the deck. No orders were necessary here, for every officer and man knew his duty. The Tripolitans, through their hardy life of freebooting, had become celebrated for fierce and determined hand-to-hand fighting; but now they were struggling under the disadvantage of a surprise, and though their courage was reckless, they were confronted by men whom opposition only made stronger. Gradually they were driven below, and once between decks were cut down or forced to jump overboard. Within ten minutes the frigate had again changed hands.

But the Americans had not an instant to lose. So rapidly were the gunpowder and combustibles hoisted aboard and distributed through the ship, that fire was arising from the berth deck before the men in the hold had come up. Two eighteen pounders were dragged amidships, and pointed downward to blow the ship's bottom out. In less than twenty minutes from boarding, Decatur mustered his men on the spar deck. None were missing, and only one slightly hurt. Then, like cats, they dropped into the ketch from the burning ship, carrying with them a wounded Tripolitan.

But now a new peril awaited them. The stern fast had become jammed, and the ketch could not get away from the frigate, although her jigger had caught fire from the blazing quarter galley of the Philadelphia. It was only by vigorous hacking with their swords that the officers at last cut loose; then the men settled to their sweeps, while the sail caught the slight breeze that was to help them away.

Meanwhile, the commotion had awakened attention on shore, and upon the cruisers and gun vessels. Boats were hurrying toward the ship. But before they reached her, the frigate suddenly burst into a roaring furnace of flame that ran up her rigging, and enveloped her masts and yards. And in the fierce glow of the burning ship, the ketch was seen slipping out of the harbor under sweeps and sail. Instantly every available gun was turned on her, but the Americans, as Cooper says, "to give one last proof of their contempt of danger," stopped rowing, and rising to their feet, gave three thundering cheers, and then settled down to getting out of the way. Shot and shell from forts and ships and castle were whizzing around them, throwing up the spray on every hand, and the guns of the Philadelphia, which had been kept shotted, began to go off in all directions as the fire reached them. The Americans greeted all these dangers with indifference, and cheered with delight when the Philadelphia's magazine blew up with a roar that rocked the castle and the ships. Soon after, the hull, burned to the water's edge, drifted on the rocks. The crew of the Syren, at the harbor's mouth saw it all, and the boats, which were manned and in the water to go to the Intrepid's relief, if necessary, now pulled back to the schooner.

When the news reached the United States, Congress passed a resolution of thanks, gave promotions, medals and swords to the officers and a liberal sum in prize money to the crew. Decatur was made a post captain, and his commission was dated from the 16th of February, 1804, the day of his splendid enterprise, so glorious for him, and so honorable to American skill and valor. Lord Nelson declared this to be "the most bold and daring act of the age."

A YOUNG PARTISAN.

E. J. Murphy.

One day, late in the spring of 1780, a detachment of Col. Tarleton's regiment, fresh from their victory at the Waxhaws, turned into a narrow road that wound through the very heart of Great Pee Dee swamp. The road was flanked on either side, for several miles, by thick forests, made denser by an almost tropical growth of vines and underbrush.

Ignorance of the position of the Partisan forces rendered extreme caution necessary, and the party was proceeding almost noiselessly, when a sharp cracking of sticks and the tread of a horse brought every man to a standstill.

It was only a little boy riding out from the forest into the warm sunlight with the May winds blowing his pretty curls about his sweet young face. He was recognized at once as the son of some wealthy country gentleman.

His cheeks paled as the Red-coats gathered around him, and the officer demanded his name.

"William James, sir," came the answer in a firm voice.

"By Jove, a prize"! exclaimed the officer.

"Now, my boy, will you be so kind as to tell us where you have been and where you are going?"

"No, sir I cannot."

"'Cannot!' and why?"

"I promised I wouldn't."

"Whom, pray?"

The boy was silent.

"Come, we want only a plain answer to our question, then you may go home if you like.

Still the boy did not answer.

"Did not your father join Gen. Marion, on Snow Island, this morning?"

"I cannot tell anything about my father, sir,"

"Oh, is that the answer we are expected to be satisfied with?"

"Now, see here, boy, if you will not give a plain answer to a plain question there's a way to make you."

"Forward!" came the command, and the boy was riding between two Redcoats, a prisoner, on his way to Tarleton's camp.

Carried before Bloody Bill, as that officer lay on a blanket in the light of the camp-fire he presented a picture of helpless innocence that might have moved to pity even that cruel Briton.

"Now, young rebel, tell us where that father of yours is spending the night, for we must trap the fox, Marion, before morning."

The little fellow looked across the swarming mass of British soldiers and then again at the stern face so unrelenting in its cruelty.

"I cannot tell you, sir."

"Cannot, or will not?"

"I have given my word that I will not."

"Oh, you have! But do you know I have the power to force you to tell?"

"No, sir."

"What! I haven't the power?"

"No, sir."

Tarleton sprang to his feet. "Boy!" he exclaimed, "I will have you lashed till you do tell. Do you see that pine knot? When the fire reaches the end I will ask you once again, and then I shall expect a very direct answer and no lying."

The little fellow's gaze was riveted upon the fast consuming flame. Surely he would be frightened into a confession.

"Now," exclaimed Tarleton, as the blaze reached its allotted limit, "is not Gen. Marion somewhere in this vicinity?"

"If I knew I would not tell you"

Tarleton sprang forward, seized the child, and dealt him two severe blows across the head, then kicked him to the earth with his heavy boot. The blood gushed from a wound near the temple.

"Here! take care of this cub!" he called to a passing soldier.

Just then there came the sharp report of musketry, and the beat of horses' hoofs. The British had been surprised in their fancied security, and Marion was not at Snow Island, but in the British camp.

The dying embers lighted up the return of the victorious Americans, and threw a ghastly light over the pale face of the prostrate boy. A tall soldier bent over him. "William, it is father. Look up, my boy."

The eyelids parted slowly.

"I did not tell them, father; Col. Tarleton could not make me tell."

It was all over. The young patriot had given his life for his country.

A BOY HERO IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

In one of the most hotly-contested battles ever fought between English and Dutch seamen, the masts of Sir John Narborough's flagship were shot away early in the encounter. The admiral at once perceived that his case was hopeless, though his men might fight ever so bravely, unless he could in some way bring round to his assistance the English reserve which lay off to the right, some distance away. To signal them was out of the question, of course. There was but one hope, and that was a forlorn hope—if somehow he could get carried to these ships a message conveying the admiral's command, he might get help in time to avert calamity. Yet it was plain that no boat could reach those British vessels with the Dutch ships lying between, and a perfect hail of shot and shell coming down with such fatal violence and frequency. True, a man might swim to those reserve ships and possibly escape the gauntlet of the enemy's fire; but would any seaman undertake it? It was a last resort, but Sir John wrote an order for these vessels to come to his aid, and then asked whether any man would volunteer to take his dispatch under the enemy's fire to the neighboring ships. A throng of able-bodied sailors presented themselves, ready to undertake the risk; and among them stood forth, conspicuously, one fearless lad. The admiral looked at him with a look in which pity and admiration were mingled, and said, "My boy, what can you do?" "I can swim, sir; and if I be shot, sir, I can be easier

spared than any one else." The boy was both a hero and a patriot. The kind-hearted admiral hesitated for a moment and then handed to the brave lad the paper containing the order on which all hope depended.

The boy placed it between his teeth, holding it desperately fast, and plunged into the water, which was a seething caldron under the hot fire of the Dutch vessels. His comrades cheered him as he swam, shot falling and shell bursting all around him. At times, in the thick smoke, he was lost sight of, but again for a moment would reappear, still swimming on towards the ships, as though he bore a charmed life. At length he was lost to sight.

The brave admiral and his faithful crew held on with desperate determination, but as no help came, it seemed very certain that the heroic boy had perished in the angry flood. They were just beginning to look on the day as lost, and themselves as lost also, when on their right was heard a sudden and terrific thunder of cannon. The boy had reached the reserve squadron in safety, and delivered his message; and the friendly vessels were bearing down directly on the Dutch with all their artillery. It was but a few hours before the tide of battle turned and swept the Dutch ships away, disabled and defeated. The enemy was fleeing in all directions and the day was won.

The cabin boy deserved a reward, for he had saved his country from defeat, and when the honors and dignities of that terrible day were distributed, he was not passed by. As the sunset fell upon the awful scenes of peril and naval struggle, he was called to the deck of the flagship, to hear the admiral's words of praise and com-

mendation for his brave deed of daring; and Sir John added what proved prophetic: "I shall live to see you have a flagship of your own."

That boy was Cloudesley Shovel. Not long after he was made a lieutenant in Her Majesty's navy. Lieutenant Shovel, only twenty-four years old, was sent with a message for the Dey of Tripoli, in 1674, which he delivered as became a British sailor, but he came back with a haughty, insolent, and indefinite answer. In one way his mission was fruitless, but not in another. He had not gone with shut eyes or ears, and on his return to the admiral, gave him so accurate and sagacious account of the fortifications of the enemy and the disposition of the piratical fleet that he was again sent to the Dey with further despatches, in order to make further observations. This time he returned prepared to give not only a fuller description of the enemy's situation, but to suggest a successful plan of attack. The admiral was so gratified with his sagacity that he entrusted to him the execution of the plan he had proposed.

On the 4th of March, at night, Lieutenant Shovel took command of all the boats of the fleet, filled with combustible material. Under cover he rowed quietly into the harbor and made straight for the guard ship. This he fired and disabled, and thus prevented its giving orders to the rest, and, before the enemy could get ready for action, he fired and blew up vessel after vessel, and then brought back all his boats to his own fleet; and in this brave exploit, so splendidly executed, he had not lost one man!

Promoted to a captaincy, he was subsequently made "Rear-Admiral of the blue," then "of the red," then "Admiral of the white"—and is known in history as Sir Cloudesley Shovel.

THE SPY.

ADELE E. THOMPSON.

The little lad stood with one hand on the gate, looking after the group of boys running down the road, his lip was quivering, and the flush on his cheek was deep and red.

Turning, he walked hastily up the narrow brick-paved walk and opened the house door.

"Mother!" The word was like a cry of indignant pain. "It's an awful thing to have a father you're ashamed of!"

"Why, my son?" With a startled face Mrs. Honeyman dropped her sewing in her lap.

"I can't help it, mother," his breath coming almost as a sob, "and I wouldn't say it to anybody but you. But so many of the boys have fathers they are proud of; fathers who are fighting with Washington, fighting for the freedom of the colonies; and to think that my father should be a Tory, and leave us all to go and join the British. I don't see how he could do it. I wish I was a man so that I could fight on the right side and make up for it," and he clenched his small hands hard.

"And that isn't the worst, either," he went on. "Do you know what they are telling about him now? They say he is a spy."

"A spy!" Mrs. Honeyman's exclamation was one of alarm.

"Yes, the boys were calling after me as I came home from school, 'Son of a spy! son of a spy!'"

"Never mind what the boys said." His mother's voice was tenderly soothing. "Just think what a good, kind father he has always been to you and the children; and remember, too, how brave he was with Wolfe at Quebec; that surely was something to be proud of, and perhaps some day you may be proud of him again."

But Johnny shook his head. "I never can be, I'd rather he had been bad to me, then nobody need have known it. And I haven't told you all, mother; they say he has been arrested and put in prison."

"When? Where?" asked the mother with breathless eagerness.

"Captain James has just brought the story from the army and every one is talking about it. I stopped at the store, as you told me, to get the knitting needles, and I heard him telling it. He didn't see me, for I kept behind some corn sacks.

"It was only a few weeks ago, he said, but three days before Washington and his troops crossed the Delaware, father had come over on to the Jersey side to buy some cattle—folks say he's getting rich selling cattle to the British, but I don't want a penny of it—and Washington must think he is a dreadful man, for he had given orders to the soldiers to arrest him if they could and bring him in, but to be sure he was alive and unharmed. So when the soldiers saw him they had a hard time to catch him, for he fought them with his cattle whip, and you know

how strong he is. But they caught him and carried him to camp. General Washington must be a good man for he sent the guards away and talked with father a long time. I suppose he was trying to have him come back to the right side, and I shall always love him for it. But it must be it did no good, for the general called the guard to put him in the prison, and watch him all night, for in the morning he was to be tried by court-martial."

"By court-martial!" gasped his mother, pressing her hand to her heart.

"I know how you feel, mother, every word they said cut me like a knife, but I kept listening."

"But was he tried? Do tell me that."

"No, mother, he wasn't. In the morning when they opened the door of the prison there was no one inside. Then the guard remembered that in the night they had seen a fire near the general's quarters and had run to put it out before it had done any harm, and they think he must have escaped then."

Mrs. Honeyman drew a breath of relief. "And do they know where he is now?"

"Yes; Captain James said they found out by one of the prisoners they took at Trenton. He said father came back there, and, just think of it, he crossed the river on the ice as far as he could, and then jumped in and swam. Wouldn't that have been grand if it had only been for our side, and wouldn't I have been proud? But, instead, he told the British, so the soldier said, how he had been captured, and was to have been shot in the morning, only he

managed to escape and get back to his friends. And then—oh, how could he ever have done it! He made fun of the Continental army, told how badly armed it was, that it was half starved and discouraged, officers and men alike.

"Then the colonel in command laughed and said they need not be afraid of Washington's ragamuffins, and that the British soldiers might have as jolly a Christmas as they wanted to. I guess they changed their minds though, when Washington and his 'ragamuffins' made them run."

"Yes, but do they know where your father is now?"

"They said he had gone away before the surprise at Trenton, and was sure to be safe somewhere. And, mother," hesitating as he spoke, "you don't know how dreadfully they talked about father—the people who have been neighbors to him. They said he was not only getting all the cattle he could for the British army, but that he was gathering all the news he could for them, and that he ought to be hung as high as Haman for it. I tell you, I didn't show myself to ask for anything. And don't go out if you can help it or let the children; people looked ugly at me as I came home, and the boys ran after me, as I said, and called, 'Son of a spy! son of a spy!' There were some men, too, on the tavern porch as I came past, and one asked, 'when did your father come home?' And another swore that he believed he was hiding here."

"But you told them that he was not at home?"

"Of course I did; that he hadn't been for a long time; but I don't think they believed me. Oh, dear, it is all so dreadful!"

Mrs. Honeyman sighed, "Yes, it is dreadful, but though the people may be angry I am sure we have no cause to be afraid of them. And, Johnny, do not tell anything of this to the younger children, and keep as good courage as you can."

"You need not be afraid of my telling it; and I'll try to do my best."

That night, Johnny wakened suddenly, and sitting up in bed seemed to hear a strange commotion in the street outside, the tramping of many feet, loud and excited calls, while in at his window shone the light of flaring torches. At first he thought there must be a fire, and while he was still wondering what it could mean, there came a loud and violent knocking on the outer door.

Hastily dressing he ran down the stairs where he met his mother, her face pale with alarm.

"Keep the children back, Johnny," she paused to say.

Then unbolting and opening the door, she looked into the threatening faces of her neighbors, who, excited past control by the quickly spread story of Honeyman's capture and escape, and the firm belief that he had come home, had gathered there, an angry and increasing mob.

"Fetch out your Tory husband," was the cry that greeted her. "We know he's come back and is hiding. If he doesn't come out and give himself up we'll burn the house and all there is in it!"

"He is not here. He is not here," the poor woman protested over and over. "I have not seen him; he has not been home for weeks."

But the crowd only laughed in her face and cried the louder; "Bring him out if you don't want your house burned."

"Listen to me," she begged; "come in and search the house, and that will show you."

"And let him shoot us?" they answered. "No, bring him out;" constantly nearer and more threatening the torches were gleaming.

Mrs. Honeyman saw that the people were beside themselves with passion, and there was no time to lose.

"Johnny," she said, stepping inside where he was trying manfully to keep up the courage of the younger children, "run up to my room and bring me the paper in the little ebony box on my bureau."

When she reappeared outside, the folded paper was in her hand. "Captain James," she asked; signalling him out of the crowd, "will you read this for me so that every one can hear?"

There was a murmur of curiosity as the captain mounted the upper steps. What was to be read? A sudden hush fell on the angry mob, and the torches were held higher to give him light.

This was what they heard:

"American Camp, New Jersey, 1776.

"To the good people of New Jersey, and all whom it may concern: It is hereby ordered that the wife and children of John Honeyman, of Griggstown, the notorious Tory, now within the British lines and probably acting the part of a spy, shall be, and are hereby protected from all harm

and annoyance from every quarter until further orders. But this furnishes no protection for Honeyman himself.

“GEORGE WASHINGTON,
Commander in chief.”

A moment of deep silence followed the reading of this strange order; then the question ran from lip to lip, why had it been given? Nobody could answer this, and though there was grumbling and oaths, nobody present dared disobey an order of the Commander in Chief, and, one by one, the crowd, already half ashamed of its action, melted away, leaving the mother and her little flock safe and alone.

Through long and weary months, with varying fortune, the war went on, till at last the glad news spread that Cornwallis had surrendered, and everywhere bells rang and cannon boomed in token of the universal joy.

One day a crowd again filled to overflowing the streets of Griggstown, surging most thickly around the Honeyman home, but this was in the open sunlight, and the faces wore smiles instead of frowns. From every side flags were flying, and across the street was a flower-decked arch. Presently there was heard the sound of martial music heralding the approach of a body of soldiers. Following them came two horsemen. One, a man of commanding presence and noble countenance, was the beloved Washington, whom the hearts of the people had so long and truly trusted. By his side rode a tall, fine-looking man of military bearing who shared with the commander the applause of the people.

The procession made its way to the house which this same people had once gathered to burn. In the doorway stood Mrs. Honeyman, not now frightened and distressed, but radiant with smiles, and by her side was Johnny, now grown a tall and slender lad, his head erect, and a look of pride in his eyes.

When the eventful day was at last over and the guest of honor had departed, Johnny threw his arms about the neck of the tall soldierly man, and cried, "Oh, father, what a grand day this has been!"

"Then," said the man smiling, "you were not ashamed of your father today?"

"Ashamed of him! I guess not. All Griggstown is proud of him and I am prouder than they all. It was splendid the way you let everybody denounce you as a Tory, and even made the British think you were a spy for them, when all the time you were getting information for Washington. And to hear him say today that it was owing to the news you brought him of the British at Trenton that he attacked them and won the great victory! People know now how mother came by the safeguard from Washington, that even I wondered at."

Honeyman smiled again. "I have served two men as noble as ever lived, Wolfe and Washington. And Washington was always thoughtful of my safety and that of my family. It was like him, as soon as the war was over, to tell the story of the small service I had been able to render, which made possible not only my happy homecoming, but the welcome my good neighbors have so kindly given me."

His son laughed. "Yes, the men who once wanted to burn the house cheered you to-day till they were hoarse; and the people who wouldn't speak to mother can't do enough for her now. But then I can't blame them much. I was ashamed of you myself in those days."

"And had I really been what I seemed, you would have had reason to be," said the father.

"And to think," said the boy, "how I used to wish you were a soldier; and now the general says you were braver and did more than a company of soldiers. It must have been hard, though, to let people think ill of you so long, and you were a real hero, everybody says you were, to do it for Washington and the Colonies."

John Honeyman sat silent a little while, the affection, esteem, honor were doubly sweet to him after those years of obloquy and contempt. "Yes, it was hard," he said, "at times harder than I can ever tell, but it was the best I had to give, and no one should ever offer less than his best, for his country."

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It was the spring following "Valley Forge," and the Continental army was moving out of winter quarters.

And what an army! Some without shoes, some without hats, all without proper clothing; yet they marched with heads erect and with martial air as only men can do who are fighting for their homes and their liberties. In the hearts of these rugged men flowed the lifeblood of a nation yet unborn. These are the men whom we are proud to look back to through a century and call our forefathers.

One of this heroic band was above the ordinary in culture and refinement. He had at the first call given his wealth, and finally, when he had nothing more to give, had offered himself in the cause of his country. He was without shoes, bareheaded, and bent under the weight of a heavy flintlock. His face showed determination in every line. His eyes were of clear bluish-gray, looking out from under heavy, brown eyebrows. His hair, which was dark brown, long, and having a tendency to curl at the temples, was caught with a bit of ribbon into a queue behind. His name was Phineas Davis, and he was but a type of the patriot of his day.

Private Davis was ill. Weakened and half-starved, he staggered again and again under the weight of his gun. His comrades relieved him of the burden, and for a time he kept his place in the line, but as the day advanced his

strength gave way and he fell exhausted under a tree by the roadside. For a time, he knew not how long, he lay unconscious; then he was aroused by someone touching his shoulder. He opened his eyes to find before him the benign face of the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental army. As if by instinct, his wasted hand was raised in salute. Washington smiled, and in his kindest manner asked why he was so far behind the column. The answer came feebly: "General, I have been sick, and for two days I have had no food; I am starving to death. I am not afraid to die, but I would prefer it to be on the field of battle."

"My man," said Washington, "I will gladly divide my rations with you," and taking from his pocket some grains of parched corn he gave them to the private, with a sip of wine from his flask. Then lifting the emaciated form on to his horse, together they journeyed until they came up with the army.

On that short ride Washington came to know the man whose life he had saved and recognized his noble character. As soon as Private Davis was strong enough to leave the hospital, where General Washington had placed him, he was given clerical work under Hamilton, remaining there until discharged with honor when peace was declared.

A YANKEE BOY'S ROMANCE.

Fred Myron Colby.

I do not suppose that a mere title makes a man really greater or better for possessing it, but when one wins such a distinction by real merit it is well enough to give him honor.

Democratic America does not award titles of honor (unless we except the ill-used "Hon." and some of the college degrees), and but few American citizens have ever borne them in foreign countries. Probably the number can be counted on the fingers of both hands. The story of each of these is interesting, from that of Benjamin Thompson, who was made a count of the German empire by the King of Bavaria, to that of the late Gen. Charles Stone, who won the three horsetails of a pasha under the Khedive of Egypt. But none exceeds in interest that of the sturdy young Yankee who began his romantic career as a merchant's bound boy and ended it as Count Zinscherskoff.

In the town of Meredith, New Hampshire, near the shores of Lake Winnipisiogee—that beautiful lake which the aborigines named the "Smile of the Great Spirit"—there stands a large, wooden dwelling house, gray and venerable with the storms and sunshines of a hundred years.

During the last decade of the last century, and the first decade of the present one, this ancient mansion was the home of the Rev. Samuel Finlay Williams, a

graduate of Harvard College, and the settled minister of the town.

Here, somewhere about the year 1795, was born a boy who, in spite of poverty and the unromantic name of John, was destined to lead a life as wonderful in many respects as that of Aladdin in Eastern story.

There was nothing in the boyhood of John Williams to indicate in any way a brilliant destiny. In fact, a very different career was often predicted for him, his being one of the unusual instances where the man was not foreshadowed by the boy.

He was an ordinary country lad, wide-awake enough, somewhat fonder of play than of work, and with the propensity to mischief proverbial of deacons' and ministers' sons, which, if not generally true, was so in this case. His natural disposition to roguery and license was perhaps less restrained than usual in a parson's son, for the reason that his father accepted a chaplaincy in the navy. At the age of thirteen, Jack, as he was familiarly called, was bound out to service to a well-to-do merchant in his native town. He remained in that situation three years, increasing his reputation for reckless adventures if for nothing else.

One night on returning from a nocturnal expedition, he was intercepted by his employer and treated to a sound thrashing. This incident brought about a crisis. The following night the boy started upon a longer tramp, helping himself to a large sum of money in his master's desk. By noon of the next day he was at Ossipee, twenty miles distant, where he hired a team to

convey him to Portland. At the time of his arrival in that prosperous Maine town, a Russian merchant ship was lying at anchor in the harbor, nearly ready to sail on its homeward voyage. Young Williams, fancying he would like the sea, embarked on board as a cabin boy and turned his back on his native land.

It is said that the merchantman was just sailing out of the harbor as an officer of the law, who had followed Jack from Meredith with a warrant for his arrest, arrived at the wharf. By so little space did the future count and admiral save his honors.

The Yankee cabin boy made quick friends with his new masters. He performed his duties faithfully, and made great progress in nautical knowledge. Being alert and fearless, he speedily acquired all of those tricks of going aloft which so puzzle a landsman, and could climb and leap and swing, and shout "Aye, aye, sir!" with the boldest.

At that time the Barbary pirates were the dread of all seamen. Commodore Bainbridge and General Eaton had but recently given the Bey of Tripoli a sound drubbing for misbehavior toward our commerce, but it had by no means put an end to his freebooting.

On the voyage the merchantman was attacked by an Algerine cruiser, and the captain, seeing no hope of escape, was about to surrender. The little Yankee cabin boy, however, had no desire to become a slave to his serene mightiness, the bey, or to any of his barbaric subjects, and he plainly told the captain so in as many words.

"But what can we do?" inquired the Russian commander.

"We can fight," answered Jack, with that same spirit which had enabled the heroes of '76 to stand up against British oppression.

And then he proceeded coolly to inform the captain that if he could have two men to help him, he would take care of the pirates if the others would sail the vessel. The officer expressed both amazement and doubt, but acceded to the lad's request.

Jack, in his investigations about the craft, had discovered an old swivel cannon hidden away among a mass of trumpery on the lower deck. This was now cleaned, and loaded with scraps of iron and such other missiles as he could obtain. The sea was so calm that the Algerines advanced in their boats to board the vessel, and were greeted by several volleys, fired by the hands of Jack Williams, who secured the best aim that he could.

Fortunately the old swivel stood the test, and after three boatloads of their crew had been sunk, the pirates withdrew and left the merchantman to pursue her voyage.

Of course, Jack was regarded as a hero from that hour; and when the ship arrived at St. Petersburg, the story of his heroism was told from mouth to mouth, till at last it reached the ears of the Czar himself. Alexander was so much interested that he sent for young Williams, and being pleased with the boy's appearance and intelligent answers, he ordered him placed in the naval school, and subsequently gave him a high post of command.

This was but a stepping stone to his fortune. Gradually he rose through all the grades of command; and at the great naval battle of Navarino exhibited so much courage and skill that he was made admiral in chief of the Russian navy. At the same time he was created a nobleman of the empire, with the title of Count Zinscherskoff, and given large estates near Smolensk and an annuity of fifty thousand rubles (\$37,500).

NED'S STRATAGEM.

The Story of an American Boy and a Filipino Ambush.

H. IRVING HANCOCK.

Ned ran to the window as a sudden, rousing volley of rifle-fire sounded south of Manila.

It was answered by another volley of heavier roar. Though the firing came from a point between four and five miles south of the Calle Nozelada, the air was so still that the racket seemed less than a mile off. Ragged, rattling volleys of thin-noted Mauser fire were replied to, at intervals, by Springfield volleys that sounded as the roar of one great gun. .

"They're fighting!" quivered Ned, his eyes flashing and color mounting high. "How I'd like to be there!"

"You ought to be thankful that you're not," replied Captain Burnham, slowly and practically. "Has it struck you, my boy, that every time those guns rip out somebody is very likely dying?"

"But I've never seen a fight, dad."

"I pray that it will be a long time before you do."

Ned was not surprised. He was used to hearing his father talk in that vein. There was no braver officer than Captain Burnham of the Third Infantry; but he had been a long time in the service, and, like most old soldiers, was an ardent lover of peace.

"How glorious it is," breathed Ned, still listening to the distant racket.

"It isn't much of a fight," returned his father, coolly, as he rose and came to the window. "Hardly more than an outpost row. As the sounds tell the story, I should say that there were about a half a company of our men and a hundred or so of the insurrectos. Probably the enemy were prowling forward, and ran unexpectedly into a detachment of our fellows. They are Washington volunteers, most likely. There! Did you hear that? By the split in the sound I should judge that our men are on either side of a ravine, with the Filipinos below and getting enfiladed."

Within the next two or three minutes the sound of firing entirely died out. Captain Burnham glanced at his watch, then down at the quilez, pony, and Filipino driver waiting at the curb outside.

"I've only a half an hour to get my train," announced the captain. "Good-bye, Ned. Be a good boy until I am able to come down here again."

"Dad," pleaded the boy, his eyes shining wistfully as he looked up into the handsome face of the manly soldier, "do me a great favor. Take me with you."

"Up to Baliuag?" asked the captain in surprise.

"Yes. You know I was born in the regiment, yet I've never seen it in the field."

"Nor has a boy of fourteen any right to be with a regiment in the field," retorted Captain Burnham, with a prompt decisiveness that boded little hope.

"I won't get in the way," urged Ned.

"You couldn't help it. Why, don't you understand

that Baliuag is liable to be attacked, any day, by Pio Pilar's rebels?"

"And I shan't be there to see the old regiment fight!" cried Ned, in genuine disappointment.

"No; I feel pretty confident that you won't," rejoined his father, as he stepped to a table, picked up a belt from which his revolver hung and put it on.

"If you always try to keep me out of the field in this fashion, you'll end by making me a rebel," playfully predicted the boy.

"And what form will your rebellion take?" asked his father, smiling.

"I don't see," replied Ned, slowly, "but that I shall have to try to get into the field without your permission."

"Good!" laughed the captain. "Try it. You're welcome to succeed, if you can on those lines."

"Do you really mean it, dad?"

"Certainly," with another laugh. "Do you expect to reach Baliuag by train, or by walking?"

"Either way, to get there."

"Well, if you walk, you will have to pass a few hundred sentries on the way. The first one you meet will send you to the right-about back to Manila, unless you have a pass. Go by train, without a pass, and the guard will throw you off. Now, do you think General Otis is going to give a pass to such a youngster as you are? Come up to the front, by all means, my boy, if you can get the pass!"

With still another laugh, evoked by a sight of Ned's crestfallen look, Captain Burnham thrust his arm through

his son's, walked him downstairs to the curb, gave him a good hug, and then dove into the quilez. The sleepy driver whipped up the pony. Ned had only time to wave his hand when the odd little vehicle was out of sight around the corner.

Going slowly upstairs to the front room, Ned sat down to think.

"If I could only get the pass!" he murmured, half-closing his eyes, though he was very far from being drowsy.

Now it is a dangerous thing to give an American boy permission to do some inadvisable thing if only he can find a way to get over some difficulty that seems insurmountable. Ned set his wits hard at work to find a way of joining the regiment at Baliuag.

"Oh, Major Ellis, is that indeed you? So delighted;"

Two or three other women's voices reached his ears from the street. Ned sauntered to the window and looked out. A dust-covered officer in khaki uniform, holding his pony by the bridle, stood at the curb before the next house, chatting with a little group of women.

"Major Ellis, of the Thirteenth? Why, I know who he is," thought Ned. "Dad saved his life once on the frontier. They were great chums then. I wonder——"

Seeing one of the women about to look up, Ned drew back, a new-born plan running through his brain.

"He has never seen me—doesn't know my age!"

There was nothing drowsy about Ned's movements now! He raced into the next room, drew a chair to a table, snatched up a pen, and began to write as if the safety of

the Eighth Army Corps depended upon his speed. This done, he ran into the rear of the quarters, where he found Mrs. Burton's man-servant asleep in a chair.

"Juan! Juan!" breathed Ned, shaking the hombre by the shoulder. "Go to the front window and get a good look at the officer with a horse in front of the next house."

Juan sleepily obeyed.

"I see," said the native, turning from the window.

At that moment Major Ellis' voice came up from below:

"Ladies, I would be delighted to stop here longer, but I am due at the palace in five minutes. Really I must go."

"Juan," whispered Ned, excitedly, "go downstairs. Wait until the officer has started. Then run after him with this note. Don't miss him!"

As the hombre's bare feet pattered down the stairs the jogging of a pony's hoofs sounded outside. Springing to the window, Ned watched until he saw Juan overtake the major and hand him the note.

"Well, well!" mused Major Ellis, opening and perusing the missive as he rode. "So Jack Burnham has a grown-up son!"

This was what he read:

"Dear Major Ellis:

"As I am not acquainted with General Otis, and as it is imperative that I should go to Baliuag tomorrow to see my father, Captain Burnham, will you kindly undertake to get me a pass, and send it to my quarters, number 7, Calle Nozelada?

"Your old comrade's son,

"EDWARD BURNHAM."

Through the rest of the day Ned's mind was in a ferment. Late in the afternoon, he happened to look out of the window just in time to see Major Ellis riding around the corner.

"Juan," cried Ned, breaking again into the back room of the quarters, "if anyone calls, say that I'm out—you don't know when I'll be back."

Down the stairs flew Ned, crossing the yard and hiding in the stable. Not for ten anxious minutes did he venture to return to the house. Juan stood at the top of the front landing, idly scanning an envelope's address.

"Officer leave this for you," grinned the Tagalo, scenting some kind of mischief.

With trembling fingers the boy opened the envelope, drawing out the enclosure. It was a pass, signed by General Otis, authorizing Mr. Edward Burnham to proceed to Baliuag and to return to Manila. Looking at the envelope, Ned read these words penciled on the outside:

"Heartily sorry to have missed seeing Jack Burnham's son. When you return from Baliuag, look me up at mess some night. We'll have a jolly time.

"ELLIS."

"He thinks I'm grown-up," thought Ned, feeling a trifle ashamed the next moment. "But I didn't tell him so. Dad said I could go to Baliuag if I could get a pass—and I've got it!"

Mrs. Burton was good-natured and simple to the point of blindness, or she would have noted Ned's excitement, half-suppressed though it was, that evening. Not half of

that hot June night did the boy sleep. Right after breakfast Mrs. Burton went on a visit to a silk shop. Ned jumped into a quilez that Juan called, gave the hombre a note for Mrs. Burton, and rode away over the bridge of Spain, through New Manila, around to the Pasig River again, past the Captain of the Port's office, and straight up to the Depot Quartermaster's building, on the track opposite which stood the train. It was a long affair, made up of fifteen or twenty freight and hospital cars, three third-class, two second-class and one first-class passenger coach. To the door of the latter marched Ned.

"Pass?" demanded one of the soldiers belonging to the train guard.

For answer, Ned showed his precious document.

"All right; climb in!" And Ned obeyed with alacrity. It was an hour yet before the train would start. Down the line Tagalo laborers and jabbering Chinese coolies were loading the freight cars. After a while Ned got out and stood on the side-step of the coach to watch the animated scene.

By and by the officers who were to fill the first-class coach, the soldiers for the second-class, and the natives and Chinese for the third-class, began to arrive. There were about a dozen of the officers, with three of whom Ned was acquainted. They looked surprised to find him there, but naturally concluded that Captain Burnham knew his own business best.

"Going to Baliuag, Mr. Ned?" asked a soldier, approaching the coach while Ned still stood on the side-step.

Ned looked down, nodding affirmatively, recognizing his questioner as one of the men of the regiment.

"Cassidy, of M Company, sent his bugle down to have it fixed," went on the soldier, holding up the instrument. "Will you take it to him?"

"I'll be glad to," said Ned, heartily, reaching down and taking the bugle. The cord attached to it he threw over his right shoulder.

After one of the longest kind of hours, the train began to move away from the busy water front. From the start there was historic ground to see, for the revolution had begun in the outskirts of Manila. Past Caloocan, the first station beyond Manila, there was a long succession of trenches that had been taken, one by one, at the cost of many lives and much suffering by Uncle Sam's splendid fellows. No sooner did the officers in the car discover what an interested listener they had in the boy, than they began to tell him the story of every field and trench that was passed. It was such a lot better than learning history out of books. It needed only the noise and spice of battle to make these scenes perfect for the boy.

Ned began to understand, too, what is meant by a line of military "communication" across captured country, and how many soldiers are needed to protect this "communication," for at every station the train stopped to unload supplies for the strapping big soldiers stationed there.

Malolos, the former seat of Aguinaldo's "government," was reached before the morning was out. All of the officers were bound farther up the line, but it was here

that Ned "detrained." He alighted before a small, two-story station building, over the door of which hung the flag of the signal corps. A hundred yards south of this building was a big, oblong, zinc-roofed freight shed. In and out of this moved a swarm of shouting, puffing Chinese coolies, carrying burdens pendent from either end of stout bamboo poles thrown across the shoulders. Here and there was a sprinkling of Tagalo amigos, or "friendlylies," carrying burdens on their backs. It required fully three hundred of these odd Oriental laborers to unload the train and carry the quartermaster and commissary stores into the shed, for Malolos was then a sub-base of supplies.

"Hello, Mr. Ned!" called Sergeant Hart, of the Third, approaching the boy, whom he found staring at the scene in some bewilderment.

"Oh, good morning, sergeant. I was wondering how to get from here to Baliuag."

"You'll go with the wagon-train and escort, unless you want to make meat for the goo-goos," replied Hart, a grizzled old great Dane, and the "top" sergeant of H Company.

"That's just what I wanted to do—to go with the escort, I mean."

"Then get over there and sit down," directed the sergeant, pointing to the shady side of the shed. "I'll make sure to call you when I get that bull-train loaded."

Ned went to the spot indicated, seating himself on the ground, with his back against the side of the building. He had been anxious for a good look at Malolos, but the

only glimpse of it obtainable from the station was of a dusty street lined with nipa huts. All else was hidden behind the lines of tall bamboos. In half an hour the train pulled out northward, but the din of the noisy laborers remained. It was another half-hour before Sergeant Hart reappeared, leading a pony saddled and bridled.

"Mr. Ned, the bull-train is ready to move. This animal is going up to an officer at Baliuag. You can ride it, if you care to."

If he cared to! Ned was in the army saddle almost before the "top" had finished. Sergeant Hart shortened the stirrups.

"Follow me, Mr. Ned."

Ned rode down the track, between the rails, in the wake of the sergeant. To the east of the track stood a long line of waiting transports. There were some thirty ponderous two-wheeled carts, each drawn by a water buffalo. Through each animal's nose was an iron ring; through the ring ran a rope, the other end of which was in the hand of a Chinese coolie who stood on the left of his own particular animal. Ahead of this Oriental outfit were five escort wagons, each drawn by four American mules driven by an American soldier.

"Hike!" ordered the sergeant, as he and Ned came up.

With a clamor of "hi! hi!" from the coolies, the wagon-train started. Sergeant Hart strode along at the head of the outfit, Ned riding by his side. It was a hard macadam road, splendidly shaded by tall trees, over which they traveled at this stage of the journey.

Half a mile from the station, Ned caught sight of khaki-clad soldiers squatting on either side of the road. As they, in turn, caught sight of the train, they rose to their feet. Many of the men gave the boy an informal salute as he rode past them. The whole of H Company was out for escort duty. At the head of the line stood Lieutenant Houle, the company's commander; two or three inches more than six feet in height, of slender athletic figure and fine, smooth face, he looked what he was—one of the best products of West Point.

"What are you doing here, Ned?" was the lieutenant's query, as soon as he had returned the sergeant's salute.

"I'm going to Baliuag, Mr. Houle."

"Does Captain Burnham expect you?"

"He said I might come, if I got a pass. Here it is."

Lieutenant Houle glanced at the paper, and from that to the boy. He may have had his doubts, but he was too good a soldier to ignore the written orders of the military governor of the Philippines.

"Very good," said the lieutenant briefly. "Keep with me, please."

"Won't you ride the pony?" suggested Ned, making a move to alight.

"No; keep your seat. It's a long march, and I'm used to it."

Some thirty of the men fell in automatically at the head of the wagon-train, others distributing themselves along the flanks of the column, while a squad brought up the rear.

"What will dad say?" Ned wondered not unfrequently. "But he's a man of his word, and he'll have to stick to what he said."

No more delightful road could be imagined than that over which they were passing. On either side rose forests of tall feathery bamboo, with here and there a mahogany or other virgin tree of greater girth. Mr. Houle stirringly described the battle that the Western volunteers had fought along this very road less than a month before. While the story was yet being told, the column reached Quingua, which the Nebraska troops had taken at the cost of their colonel's life, and that of many other brave comrades. Here the column halted for a few minutes.

"Why do you need a whole company for escort?" asked Ned, when the long straggling line was in motion once more, winding out of Quingua.

"Because beyond here is almost wholly the enemy's country," replied Mr. Houle. "Except the Third, at Baliuag, there are no troops so far out on the eastern flank of the Eighth Army Corps. This country is swarming with rebels, though they keep out of sight. It is only a question of time when Aguinaldo's men will swoop down on this wagon-train."

"It might happen to-day," suggested Ned eagerly.

"Yes, it might, but I hope it won't. When they do attack, it is likely to be in force, and we're sure to have a hard time of it."

It was plain that Houle was taking all possible chances

against surprise. Six men and a corporal were sent ahead as a "point," to make sure that the road was clear. Other soldiers moved out into the field on either side to serve as flankers. Though the lieutenant seemed even indifferent, he was really keeping a sharp lookout.

"See that rise of ground over there, Ned?" asked Mr. Houle, pointing to the left when they were less than an hour beyond Quingua. "That crescent-shaped line of yellowish-brown yonder shows where the Filipinos were driven out a few weeks ago. We haven't the men to spare to hold these trenches. It's only a question of time when the Filipinos sneak back, and——"

Crack! It was a solitary shot from an invisible rifle, but the sound came from the direction in which the lieutenant had been pointing. A hissing Mauser bullet made the air hot over their heads. It was the instant signal for a crashing volley at hardly four hundred yards, though not so much as the head of an enemy could be seen. Not a puff of smoke was visible anywhere, though the air was alive with the hum of the steel-jacketed little bullets. Two of the men near the head of the column fell wounded. A few of the recruits began to shoot back indiscriminately, just as Lieutenant Houle coolly gave his first order to the bugler who hastened to his side.

At the first note of the bugle, most of the soldiers lay down, hastily slipping cartridges into the breeches of their rifles. To the right of the road was a sound of bodies crashing through the brush, where the Chinese coolies, deserting their water buffaloes, stampeded wildly for

cover. Not for an instant did the Mauser bullets cease throwing up little jets of dirt, or crackling through the hollow bamboo trunks, or fanning the air over the heads of the crouching men.

Was this war? White-faced Ned, sitting numbly in the saddle, was sick and uneasy with the horror of it. He was almost certain that something was crawling around in his stomach just under the belt.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Houle was darting up and down the line, shouting such orders as: "No man is to fire except when he receives the order from his squad leader!" "No man is to fire, when ordered, unless he sees what he is told to aim at." "The range is four hundred yards." "Sight your pieces closely, and avoid shooting high." "Make every shot tell!"

Then, coming back to the head of the line, the lieutenant saw the boy seated on his pony, as erect and stiff as if he had been turned to marble.

"Get out of that saddle. Lie down flat. Do you want to make a target of yourself?" sounded the officer's deep bass voice.

But Ned shook his head. That first startled feeling of terror had passed away. He would have been ashamed to dismount; it looked too much like a confession of cowardice.

But Houle, who supposed his order would be promptly carried out, had turned to the enemy, keeping his field glass in constant play, and was unaware of Ned's disobedience.

Before the first sixty seconds were over the affair had developed into an encounter of the most savage sort. It was plain that the attackers outnumbered the Americans by several to one. Neophyte though he was in war, Ned felt certain, from the heaviness of the enemy's volleys and the windy whishing of "sheets" of Mauser bullets, that the wagon-train and escort were in grave danger.

"We can't be defeated! We won't be!" groaned the boy. As he stared toward the distant yellowish-brown line, he saw swarms of Tagalos leap suddenly over the redoubt, run thirty or forty yards nearer, fall flat on their faces and fire more heavily than before. They were trying to attack the wagon-train by rushes.

Just then, all in a twinkling, a wild idea came into the boy's head. Jerking his pony's head around he rode at a mad gallop down past the wagon-train to the rear, through the atmosphere of hot steel and lead. One projectile, boring through a case on one of the wagons, carried off Ned's straw hat. Soon the boy was out of the zone of the fire, but he did not halt until some three hundred yards past the last bull-cart. Now he pulled his pony up with a jerk that all but unhorsed him. In a flash Ned's trembling left hand brought the bugle to his lips. He had learned to sound all the calls, but more than that was needed now.

"Now, then! All the wind you can raise!" he muttered. Filling his lungs he made the instrument fairly scream as the "left oblique" pealed out on the air. This was quickly followed by the bugled order to "deploy." A moment after the "double-quick" rang out.

Ned's horse bounded down the road farther yet. Something moved between two of the trees. A brown face, brown arms and legs darted into the road. Ned saw straight ahead of him a Filipino bolo man, in uniform of striped blue and white. Crouching for the spring, the little Tagalo, holding his short, heavy knife in readiness, waited for the boy to reach him.

"It's all up with me," quivered Ned, "unless——"

Setting his teeth tight, he dug his heels into the pony's sides, guiding the animal to the side of the road as if he would try to rush past this human obstacle. Smiling confidently, the Tagalo stood his ground.

Not until he was fairly upon his enemy did Ned swerve his mount. Then he did it with amazing speed, bringing the animal up on its hind feet, its front feet pawing the air. As Ned let go the bridle, the swinging hoofs fell, striking the Tagalo full in the breast.

It was over, almost as soon as planned, and the little brown enemy lay in the middle of the road, stunned.

"Poor fellow! I'm sorry for you," breathed the boy, as, dismounting and bending to pick up the bolo, he took a close look at his vanquished foe. The face, arms and legs of the little brown man were emaciated; there was the general appearance of hunger about him.

But the sharp rattle of rifle-fire behind him recalled young Burnham to his work. With the bolo in one hand he quickly mounted, again urging the animal on. Two hundred yards farther away he halted, blowing the bugle louder than ever before, maneuvering a battalion of imaginary soldiers through the trees to the left.

"That's all I can do here—if I've done anything," panted the boy as he let the horn fall to his side. "Now, back to the real scene!"

Volleys were still crackling out ahead as he raced up the road. There was another enemy close at hand, too; he leaped out of the bushes a little way ahead, darted to a tree, and stood there with Mauser ready. Not trusting to a shot at long range, the Filipino waited for a sure shot. He took it at thirty yards off, with Ned riding straight at him. Szz-zz-zz! sped the bullet, so close to Ned's left ear that it almost grazed the flesh. Young Burnham raised the bolo a second later, aiming for the brown man's head, and let his hand fly. Down dodged the Filipino, but Ned, who had expected the move, had not made the throw. Now, however, he sped the bolo through the air just before reining up. The flat side of the heavy blade struck the brown man's head, causing him to drop as the hewn tree falls.

Quick as a flash, Ned was out of the saddle long enough to pick up the rifle. Secure in his seat, he clicked back the bolt, then waited impatiently. It was some moments before the native opened his eyes.

"Up on your feet!" ordered Ned, in Spanish. "Get ahead of me—move fast!"

Finding himself looking into the muzzle of his own rifle, the Filipino suddenly obeyed.

"Mas pronto!" (More quickly) shouted Ned, and the fellow broke into a dog-trot.

A little farther on they came upon the late bolo man,

crawling in a dazed fashion to the side of the road. There was a halt of a moment, after which Ned sternly drove his two prisoners over the road with a Mauser muzzle at their backs.

While all this was going on at the rear, scores and scores of Filipinos had been seen to rise, rush backward and disappear over the redoubt at the first sound of the bugle. Lieutenant Houle glanced at his "top" sergeant with a meaning smile. Though neither could imagine who the reinforcements were, the fact that help was coming was as patent to them as it had been to the startled Filipinos. By the time that the second series of bugle calls reached them, the soldiers of H Company knew that the fight was in its last minutes. A couple of hundred Filipinos, however, still stood their ground in a wavering fashion, giving the wagon-train's escort plenty to do.

"Where's Ned Burnham?" finally demanded Lieutenant Houle, missing boy and pony.

"Saw him galloping to the rear," vouchsafed Sergeant Hart.

"White feather?"

"Looked that way, sir."

The lieutenant said no more, though the grim compression of his lips was eloquent. Ned was only a boy of fourteen, to be sure, yet somehow it seemed as if the honor of the whole regiment were compromised by his precipitate flight. At the height of Houle's chagrin up rode Ned, armed with bolo and rifle, driving the captured Filipino pair before him.

"What does this mean?" bellowed Houle, in his deep bass voice, making a rush at the boy.

"Got 'em down the road, sir," nodded Ned. "Will you please take 'em off my hands? I want to fight."

"Fight you shall, then," agreed Houle, calling a soldier to guard the prisoners. "We have them nearly whipped, and I'd order a charge, but I'm afraid of throwing a cross-fire into our reinforcements."

"Reinforcements?" repeated Ned. Then, breaking into a gleeful laugh, he tapped his bugle as he added, ungrammatically:

"That's me!"

Houle certainly gasped, for once in his life. Then, as the nature of the ruse dawned upon him, he threw his arms around the boy, giving him a hearty hug.

"The trick fooled the enemy, too," exclaimed Houle. "Well, we'll charge, then. Tie your pony to a wagon wheel and come on!"

As the soldiers started with a yell, Ned ran with them, firing the four cartridges remaining in his rifle at close quarters. The trenches were found empty, save for dead and wounded brown men. Presumably the unharmed insurgents were still running. At all events, they gave H Company and the wagon-train no further trouble that day.

Five of H Company's men were wounded. There were about six times that number of wounded Tagalos, besides a score of dead. As Ned saw these, he began to feel more than ever how horrible war is. By the time that the wounded, white and brown alike, had been made as comfortable as possible on the wagons, most of the soldiers

began to wonder at the non-appearance of the reinforcements. Then down the line traveled the story of Ned's stratagem. What a rousing cheer there was! Hats went up in the air, and so many bronzed soldiers ran from their places in the line to shake hands with the boy that Lieutenant Houle, in the interests of discipline, had to order the demonstration stopped right then and there.

"What do you think of war now, my boy?" asked the lieutenant, striding along at Ned's side, when the column had once more got under way.

"I know, now, why old soldiers don't like it."

"You don't find it glorious, then?"

"I guess it is, and it isn't," declared Ned, slowly. "But"—and here the old sparkle came back into his eyes, "when there's need for such work it's a glorious thing to be a man, and neither afraid nor unable to do the thing that is needed. I did help you some, didn't I?"

"Did you?" echoed the lieutenant. "Your trick certainly saved me a long list of killed and wounded."

Late that afternoon H Company and the wagon-train wended their way into the odd little inland Filipino city of Baliuag. In less than five minutes after his arrival Lieutenant Houle was enthusiastically describing how Ned's stratagem had saved H Company from disaster. Colonel Page officially thanked the young American, doing it so warmly that Ned glowed like fire.

"Now, listen to me, young man," uttered Captain Burnham, who had come up a little before Houle had finished. "If you ever again take such an advantage of me as you did this time, I'll——"

"What, Dad?" queried Ned, innocently, as his father paused.

"Do my best to have you sent to West Point," replied Captain Burnham, furtively brushing his eyes with one hand.

At which threat, the group of officers gathered in the mango grove sent up a rousing, approving cheer.

TROOPER STORK.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

PART ONE.

In a noon edition, the "Post-Telegram" announced that a talented member of its staff would shortly embark for Manila, and that its readers would therefore receive clear and direct reports from the troubled ground. In no place that the edition reached was the announcement read with such interest as in the editorial rooms of its rival—the "Star-Record." Edwin Glover, managing editor of the latter paper, was leaving the office for lunch, when a copy of the "Post-Telegram" was handed to him. With a trained eye he scanned the front page and noted the aggressive movement conceived in the office of the opposition. He wiggled hastily out of his light overcoat and dropped into a chair at the desk forgetting his lunch. Mechanically he glanced at the clock. It was a quarter past twelve.

Meanwhile at one of the reporter's desks a tall young fellow sat bending over the announcement of the "Post-Telegram." With intense interest he read every line. After hesitating for a moment, he arose from his desk and sought the managing editor.

"What is it, Brit?" Glover asked hurriedly. "I'm very busy just this minute."

"The 'P. T.' is sending Kirby to the Philippines," the tall young man said concisely. "I suppose you will be

sending someone. I wanted to ask, sir, if I might be that one?"

"Why, Brit," the older man said gently, smiling a little; "you certainly have not thought the matter over a great deal, or you wouldn't ask this. You are—how old?"

"Nineteen, sir."

"And an assignment of this kind is the biggest a newspaper can give. A man of judgment and resource and caution, and above all, long newspaper experience is needed. I like your pluck, Britton, in wasting no time—in dashing in here before the ink is dry on the 'P. T.' announcement, but you must agree with me that barely a year's newspaper experience is not enough equipment for a man to represent a great paper on a great island ten thousand miles away, where they're making history.

* * * By the way, my boy, you must understand that this is no reflection on your ability. The city editor gives me excellent reports of you; he says you are working hard and earnestly and cleverly. The time will come, Brit, when there won't be any assignment too big for you, but just now the 'Star-Record' needs you here. * * * Send in Blake if he's in the editorial rooms. Find him if he isn't. I want him right off."

No one will ever know the disappointment in John Britton's mind as he walked out of the office of the managing editor. The ambition of his life was to be a war correspondent. He knew the fiber of the scant regular army as it exists in times of peace. He had infinite trust in the volunteer. He understood military terms and formations. In so far as concerned these details, his

equipment was better than that of any other man in the office—but he was only nineteen. Brit was too fair-minded to doubt the judgment and the justice of his managing editor, even though he was hurt deeply. He had great confidence in himself, but greater confidence in Mr. Glover.

Meanwhile important activities were apparent in the office of the "Star-Record." Minor assignments were handled with a touch and go that afternoon. Blake had been found and in two minutes consented to represent his paper in the hostile field. A messenger was sent to his home for a photograph. Another reporter wrote a sketch of Blake's brilliant newspaper career. The artists upstairs were reproducing his picture. "Star-Record" representatives visited the various Pacific steamship offices and ascertained the sailing dates, and one of these dates was chosen for Blake's departure. The management of the paper had been consulted and "brought around" to realize the necessity of great expenditure. Blake himself, immaculate and unruffled, stood in a telephone booth, telling his wife what the afternoon had wrought.

The four o'clock edition of the "Star-Record" contained a picture of Blake's handsome face, a sketch of his stirring young life, for he was not yet thirty, a description of his mission to the Philippines and of his peculiar aptness for the commission. It must be acknowledged that the "Post-Telegram" had a "scoop" upon the matter, but it was of small consequence since it appeared in the noon edition, which is sold only on the streets; and, after all,

the public is not so vitally interested in scoops as are its servants, the editors.

At home that night, Brit endeavored to appear happy as usual, but his mother was not deceived. Upon hearing the story, the good woman was silently thankful that it was not her boy who was to be sent away. Moreover, she was proud of the words Mr. Glover had spoken. The young reporter could not read as usual that evening. When he sought his room it was not to sleep. There was no envy in his heart for Blake; indeed, the "Star-Record's" chosen representative was Brit's ideal—a polished gentleman, a brilliant newspaper man, and a loyal friend. The truth is, Brit was fighting the fever of longing to be at the heart of the matter in Luzon. He loved his profession and had shown exceptional promise, but just now he felt that he could not exist apart from the turmoil of his time. Early the next morning, he telephoned the office that he would be late and walked resolutely to the recruiting office. Two hours passed before he was examined, and then he was refused.

"Though you are a trifle under weight for your height, I would let you go through," the doctor said, "but you are also short on chest expansion. I'm sorry, for you seem to be in excellent physical condition." He held open the door of the private office.

Brit's head swam dizzily. The pain of that refusal was greater than the disappointment of the day before, because it seemed a last chance. The day at the office was long and hard, but gradually out of the dark and bitter hopelessness in his mind, a ray of light came. That after-

noon Brit went home, carrying various paraphernalia designed to increase chest expansion. Without explaining his intentions, he began the work of development. Being wearied to the bone, he slept well that night, but before daylight the next morning, he was out for a long run. He returned perspiring, plunged his body into cool water, and felt like eating a course dinner instead of the light breakfast to which he was accustomed.

Days passed. Blake departed without noise, as was his way. He took leave of Brit affectionately and carried away the secret which was so dear to the heart of the young reporter. * * * Six weeks dragged by before Brit felt sure of himself. Then he reported once more to the recruiting office with an ample chest expansion, and Uncle Sam accepted the offering, assigning the recruit to Troop K, —th Cavalry.

The revelations and partings which followed are not necessary to the narrative of John Britton. There were tears from the brave mother, for John was all she had; and at times, tears from the eyes of a strong lad do not make any the less man of him. Much as Brit might be forced to suffer, he knew that his mother must suffer more; for while he was to ride in the midst of action and excitement, she could only yearn and wait.

"It will train me for my work, mother," he said. "I feel that it will do me great good. I'll think of you always and write to you often and take fine care of myself."

As mothers have done since the beginning of wars, Mrs. Britton bore up bravely. The boys of the "Star-Record" congratulated him, for Brit was well-liked. The

city editor spoke with exceeding kindness, and Mr. Glover had the following to say: "As I have told you before, Brit, I like your pluck. I'm sorry that when we needed a man to send in the interests of the paper, you were not quite ready; but you will be apart from Blake most of the time and will see things from a different standpoint. Mail us a letter whenever you can. And when you come back, you will, of course, buckle down to your desk in the other room. Remember at all times that the 'Star-Record' is a friend of yours. I need not tell you to be game. Good-bye, my boy."

As the train pulled out from the depot, Brit threw kisses to his mother, and he felt in his aching heart, that no young man had ever started out with mightier incentives to win against any odds.

Between the decks of the transport where the hammocks were swung, the air was very foul at night. Twenty days at sea, and the food was not fit for men. It was in the early days when the transportation system had not been brought down to a fine point. Brit was in the midst of very sick and disgusted regular army men, and the ill-tempered mutterings which he heard were a revelation to him. There was real suffering among the eight hundred landsmen assigned to various regiments to control a land of aliens and heat and mystery. The ship was taking the northern Pacific route, which is shorter than the due west line, but the pounding icy winds which sweep past the Aleutian Islands, added to their misery.

To Brit the most enduring wound came with a realization of his position. Upon the white bridge and wind-

swept upper decks walked the handsomely attired officers, living upon luxuries of the land, and sleeping in clean, warm, airy cabins. Brit and the other men below helped to keep the bridge and upper decks white. Except in the line of such duties these places were forbidden ground. A commonplace greeting from him to one of the officers would have been received as an insult, and punished by the pressure of military law. In his heart Brit knew that such discipline was necessary. Long before he had entered the regular army he knew that these conditions existed, but the actual fact was a blow to him. His sensitive nature required the balance of a strong heart to endure the discrimination between officer and man, but he choked back the rebellion, did what he was told to do, and did it the best he could. His was a voluntary enlistment. Indeed, he had trained hard and long to be accepted, and he determined that the promptings of his pride should not mar his service. Privates in the regular army could not be treated the same as cub reporters on the "Star-Record." Brit accepted the inevitable, though sick from the sea and sick from his thoughts, and in doing so he showed himself a man, and builded better than he knew.

When at last after thirty-two miserable days at sea, the low mist-hung city of Manila was sighted from the harbor, Private Britton was able to say honestly that he did not regret the step he had taken. He was astonished to note the change in the demeanor of the men. Out of sullen looks and sullen growlings their spirits had risen to a cheer. There was laughter on the lower deck now.

The growing heat of morning had a pleasant touch after the continued northern gales. The landsmen had something substantial to look forward to—long marches if necessary and harsh war in all probability; but at all events solid ground to tread upon. With a light heart and a big blanket-roll, Brit stepped from the lighter to the stone pier at the edge of the Rio Pasig, in the midst of dark little men and tanned American troops, and the astonishing scenes of an ancient Oriental city.

At noon a tired and irritable officer in the military headquarters examined his papers. Suddenly he looked up at Brit who was standing wearily by his desk.

"Stand at attention, sir!" snapped the officer, and the recruit sprang into military attitude.

"Troop K, —th Cavalry," resumed the other, "is in Paranaque, about ten miles south on the lines. You will proceed there as quickly as possible and report to your troop commander. The road is patrolled, and you can inquire along the way."

In the middle of the afternoon Brit passed through San Pedro Macati, a little barrio four miles south of Manila, where, only three weeks before, a desperate battle occurred. It was heavily garrisoned now, however. The road to Paranaque was straight ahead. Two men approached Brit. He did not notice that they were officers, but moved toward them with bowed head. A hand grasped his shoulder.

"What do you mean, sir," one of the officers questioned angrily, "by passing an officer without saluting?"

"Pardon me, I did not notice, sir," Brit replied, explaining that he was a recruit.

After that the tall young soldier fresh from the States went his way, very sore in heart. The afternoon sun beat down mercilessly upon the trail. The blanket-roll was leaden and seemed a magnet for the heat rays. Already his feet were blistered cruelly from the heavy army shoes. He had been equipped in woolen instead of khaki, and the blue clothing, soggy from perspiration, seemed to stifle him. Twice he had been rebuked by officers. The enlisted men whom he passed on the trail either replied savagely to his questions or jested at his height. A group of native women swinging by with their burdens upon their heads stared at him insolently and laughed loudly when he was beyond them. The torrid sun dizzied his brain with its cruel pressure. The whole world appeared to be arrayed against this tired, suffering recruit, and every fiber of his stout heart was needed to keep poor Brit upon his feet—to keep his eyes dry and his jaw firm.

The swift-falling twilight of the tropics was sweeping over the land, when the tall stranger, staggering forward, heard a bugle call in the distance and the whinnying of many horses. A few minutes later he was halted by a sentry who was armed with a carbine.

"I'm a recruit for Troop K," Brit said confusedly. "Will you please tell me where I am to find the troop commander?"

The light of a candle was shining through the open door of a tiny bamboo hut in the distance. The sentry directed Brit thither.

"Come in," responded a deep voice from within when the recruit knocked.

Captain Wendon, commanding Troop K, sat before a low table, holding a quart tin cup of steaming coffee in his hand. He was a large man with a dark and strangely handsome face.

"I reached Manila from the States this morning, sir, and had orders to report to you at once," Brit said, not forgetting to stand at attention.

Captain Wendon read the sheets and commanded his orderly to call Corporal Redden. In a moment a muscular young trooper with a good-natured face and a narrow yellow stripe upon his sleeve, entered.

"Corporal," said the Captain, "this is Private Britton, here to join the troop. Give him some supper and a blanket, and tomorrow put him on a horse and let him hold a carbine for a while."

The smell of coffee and bacon and horses mingled in the hot night air. Camp fires dotted the ground everywhere. The hoarse undertone of men's voices; the activity about the fires; the long picket-line of horses munching at their forage; the black saddles and arms lying in uniform rows upon the ground; the mystery of a tropical night—all these things made a deep impression upon the fagged and foot-sore recruit. He could hardly believe that he was to be one of these strange, strong men of the horse. The corporal halted suddenly in the midst of a little squad.

"This is Britton, a rookie, fellows," Redden said. "He's been assigned to our squad."

"Hullo, Stork," one little trooper observed, and the others laughed.

Instinctively Brit felt that the name would stick to him. Corporal Redden gave him coffee and bacon and later a blanket. The men asked impossible questions and told him all manner of impossible things—until the tired stranger was on the point of rising in fury against the whole squad. At last "taps" sounded and the men rolled themselves in their blankets and were silent.

Later in the night, Brit was awakened by the crash of a rifle. The bullet flew high over the camp. Another followed. The men of the squad only grunted a little and turned over. The horses snorted at the sound of the shots and pulled at their halter-shanks. A sentry walking up and down the picket-line repeated in a low voice, so as not to disturb the men:

"Whoa, boys—whoa, boys!"

And Brit, lying stiff and sore, under the torrid stars, in the midst of Uncle Sam's troopers, realized that he was at the front for a purpose; and he wondered if he could ever get so used to hostile firing that shots above his night camp would hardly wake him up.

"Well, Stork, are you played?" Corporal Redden asked kindly.

It was late in the afternoon of the second day after John Britton, the recruit, had joined Troop K. in Paranaque. He had not expected a life of ease in the cavalry, but his body was filled with pains that he had never known before. He was not accustomed to the saddle and

the first hour on a rough mount achieved a triumph of misery. Bruised from repeated falls and chafed into bleeding, poor Brit sought his blanket for an hour's rest.

"I'm tired of thinking of what I've got to learn," he answered, smiling.

"He'll only last a couple of days more, Corporal," observed Private Devlin, author of the name "Stork." "They'll be sending him back to Manila with the other 'cold feet.'"

The hard day had weakened Brit's grasp on self-control. A dull, unreasoning anger possessed him.

"They'll make him dog-robber to some farmer lieutenant of volunteers," Devlin resumed, and the troopers laughed. Brit sat straight up on his bunk. His face was flushed.

"I don't know what you've got against me, young man," he said slowly, addressing Devlin, "but I'll tell you right here that when I quit this troop it'll be because I'm discharged or no longer air-tight. If you can do better than that, you're a wonder, that's all. I know I'm soft and sore and haven't got any more seat in a saddle than a kitten, but I'm going to get one the way you did—by being bumped and skinned—or, perhaps, you never had to learn anything!"

Even at the time, Brit was conscious that he would be sorry for his words.

"I guess that'll hold you, Devlin," Corporal Redden said, grinning. "If I remember right, you were once about the most hopeless proposition of a rookie that ever came to K."

"I remember it better'n you, Corporal," Devlin said good-naturedly; then turning to the recruit, he added: "Say, Stork, I didnt' mean nothin' in particular. I was the measliest kind of a rook once—only I got three months in the bull-ring at San Anton' before they let me use the same towel that a soldier dried on. Guess I must have been sore because you're gettin' off so easy."

"Am I getting off easy?" Brit asked, smiling. "I feel so stiff that I ought to be labeled, 'Glass in this Package—Handle with Care.'" He rolled over gently, groaning from the pain in every muscle. He wished that he had not lost his temper with Devlin—a soldier who had been tried and found worthy.

The virtues of Captain Wendon's troop had been well-proven, and the gallantry of its leader was thoroughly understood. The outfit had been three months in the field, starting out with ninety men, and was now reduced to fifty-five—a small number indeed, but soldiers all, each individual having triumphed over hostile fire, tropical fever and the extreme of human fatigue. A few had fallen in action, and the troop spoke their names in voices hushed and reverent; others were lying in Manila hospitals with wounds, and these were honorary members of Troop K now; others had proven physically unfit for the strain of harsh marches, and were condemned with little comment, like the cavalry horse that has spent his best days; still others, very few, had lacked the fine quality of grit which is needed to face a hostile fire. Saddest of all was the lot of this small portion—taunted by charges of cowardice from their fellows, given the most menial

and degrading duties to perform, even beaten with blows, until they either sickened or deserted and the troop gained its point in being rid of their presence. There is no place in the regular army for a man who has been found wanting under fire.

Brit passed a week of fearful training. Many moments his powerful determination wavered under the stress of suffering, but at last he felt that he was beginning to gain. His saddle wounds were not laid open so easily. The maddening fatigue smote him later, later each day. Instead of blindly trusting to fate when he mounted his gaunt bay gelding, he began to feel a control over the beast. Many incomprehensible things in the troop were made clear; the growling of the men proved to be harmless nothings; the jokes which he believed at first to be conceived with vicious intent, proved only good-natured contrivings—army-old jokes which every recruit must experience; his horse changed from a despot into a servant; his wounds became callouses; his muscles hardened; his face tanned; every fiber of useless flesh upon his body was ridden away; he was hungry from dawn to dark; the troop became used to him and forgot to make him miserable. And at last, a courier rode out from Manila with orders.

Taps sounded two hours earlier than usual the night that the orders came. A spirit of unrest was felt throughout the little cavalry camp. The horses were uneasy at the change in routine. The humor about the fires was unnatural and the laughter seemed forced—until the voice of Captain Wendon straightened out the matter.

"You men will turn in as quickly as possible to-night, for the troop will pull out on the south trail at three o'clock to-morrow morning. Mules with ammunition and rations are on the way now from Manila. To-morrow night at this time we will camp in Mindang, over fifty miles south."

Captain Wendon had sealed orders for the colonel of an infantry regiment bivouacked in the town he mentioned.

"I say, Stork!" Corporal Redden called, a half-hour later, after the men had been issued rations and ammunition, "can you stand a tough 'hike' over hot mountains? The captain proposed sending you back to Manila, but I told him you were game, and would work out better in the field. Now, you've got to stand by me, Stork; if you fall down I'll catch blazes, and we're going to do some tall hiking."

Here was a friend. Brit wrung his hand.

The stars were shining wonderfully bright and near, when the bugler sounded first call. The recruit saddled, while his horse was feeding, leaving the cinch loose; after which he cooked bacon and coffee, packed his saddlebags and blanket-roll and formed into line with the others. At three the command "Forward" was given, and the troop rode out of Paranaque in the starlight, behind the fearless and hard-riding Captain Wendon.

PART TWO.

After their long rest in Paranaque, the troops horses were in fine condition and pulled at their bits. The men laughed and chatted merrily. But the heat grew with the light, and by the middle of the forenoon the men were sweating and the horses plodded along without spending any extra effort. Before noon Brit wondered what the men about him were made of—eight steady hours in the saddle, yet they neither lounged nor squirmed. The troopers kept their mouths shut, so that the sharp white dust from the trail might not get into their throats and cause a demand for water when the streams were far apart.

Brit noticed that the men who had made him miserable before, smiled at him now. He saw how lean and strong and self-controlled they were—saw with what quiet mastery they rode, how they saved their horses, how fearlessly they pushed onward, onward into the enemy's country. The recruit was chafed from shoulder to knee. The heavy holster containing his six-shooter had worn the skin from his thigh; the butt of his carbine pounded cruelly against his hip; the hundred rounds of Krag ammunition in his belt, bound him like a hot ton chain. Worst of all, the saddle was a seat of thorns. The old wounds reopened and the salt sweat scalded the flesh. Brit thought of the kindness of Corporal Redden, and remembered his promise to stick in the saddle and make good. And he did stick in the saddle, though dizzy from the terrific heat of midday and almost fainting from pain.

Horses and all plunged into Laguna de Bay at noon.

Then the men cooked bacon, filled canteens, and once more struck out to the south. Through the big town of Binan, the troop rode at a gallop. Not a native was seen, yet when the last nipa shack was passed, a bell rang in the church-tower behind. The Captain raised his hand and the bugler played, "Halt."

"Load carbines, men," was the command.

Brit was deeply impressed by the realism of the moment. The bell in Binan was still ringing. Little Devlin, riding at Brit's right, was wiping the dust out of his Krag magazine, as he explained coolly:

"You see, Stork, there are armed natives ahead and behind. The ones behind hid while we was passin' through the town, and now they're lettin' the fellows ahead know we're comin'. We'll get a fight before dark."

Brit swallowed with difficulty. He was afraid to speak lest his voice should tremble and betray him. He had dreamed of a moment like this, but the reality was different. He prayed that he would not be less brave than the others. Here were fifty-five men advancing against a whole rebel province—the marvel of it! They were pushing on steadily, surely, cautiously, yet without a trace of fear. And back in Binan, the bell was calling rebels to the trail from far and near.

On, on through the flaming afternoon—not a living thing on the trail ahead or behind. An hour or more passed. The troop ran through the unclean town of Silang—no life, no sound save the scraping of the hoofs upon the trail. Ahead were the mountains. The bell in

the Silang church-tower clanged a signal. The fatigue, the mystery, the unseen, yet present foe—all these proved a harsh trial to the nerves of the recruit.

And there was a changed look upon the faces of the men. The suspense was beginning to tell. A trooper in front laughed discordantly. Another near him growled, "Shut up!" Brit heard Corporal Redden mutter, "I wish they'd hurry up and do something," and he voiced the sentiments of all.

An, almost uncontrollable impulse was in the mind of the recruit. He wanted to lean forward and bury his head in the horse's mane. The shame of the thought made the blood rise in his face. Only Captain Wendon was unmoved. Silently he pushed forward at the head of his men.

Another hour passed. The rising trail was strewn with rocks. Brit felt that he had grown old in the thirteen hours since he had ridden with the others out of Paranaque. He no longer concealed his fears. He had not believed that war was like this. The thought of being shot was not such an awful thing, but the delay was killing. Little Devlin, upon whom he had directed words of anger, said quietly:

"It ain't so bad as it looks, Stork. We'll get mixed up in a fight all right, but these people can't shoot. You'll forget all about bein' scared when the crackin' begins. I was scared stiff when I first rode into a scrap."

The words were unstudied, but they were just what Brit needed. He was hurt to the heart because he had

misjudged the little trooper. He felt that he must say something: "Thanks, Devlin," he muttered, huskily. "This waiting is a little harder than I thought it would be. It gets my nerve badly; but, say. I'm sorry I got mad at you—that time—you joshed me. I was sore, and tired, and I'm sorry."

"That's all right, Stork—that's what made me like you."

"Pi-n-g-ng-ng-g!"

The weird brief song of a Mauser flew over the heads of the men—a message from some high, secret place four hundred yards away. The sound had a wonderful effect upon the troop. The men yelled; every horse snorted and jerked his tired head upward; Brit ducked and the troopers about him laughed.

"See that your carbines are right, men," the Captain shouted. Another long silence followed. The shadows from the men and horses on the left grew long and ungainly. A few shots sped above the troop, but no damage was done. For two hours, the trail had led into the heights. Now, the foremost troopers were standing still before a rocky declivity. Far below was a marvelously beautiful little valley, a quarter of a mile square. Straight across, the trail mounted up the rocks on the opposite side, and in the shadowy light of the late afternoon, numerous white figures could be seen commanding it. The voice of Wendon came from the front file:

"We've got to go through that hostile party yonder, men. Lead your horses down this bank. Keep under cover as much as possible when below. Then we'll charge

up the trail. Should there be any wounded in the command, remember that they must be carried into Mindang. If any trooper be dismounted, remember that some horse must carry double. Come on."

The dismounted troop in single file was making its way down the bank, when a hundred shots crashed from the body of insurgents across the valley, where white coats were swarming. Mighty thoughts were in Brit's mind, but the strain of waiting and the agony of the trail was passed. Some of the troopers laughed, a few swore, many were silent, but all advanced unflinchingly into the rebel's position. One well-aimed shot at long range knocked down a troop horse. Brit turned his face away when the trooper ended his beast's misery with a six-shooter. Then the latter transferred his saddle-bags to the nearest mount and walked on as before. Little Devlin was bleeding from a grazed cheek and laughing about it. It was the first blood shed by a trooper that day. Brit prayed that he might do the right thing in the action to come. The upgrade was reached. The firing from above was deafening.

"Now, men, prepare to charge!" yelled the Captain. "Go through those fellows like you did at San Fernando. And leave no wounded behind!"

"Like San Fernando, fellows!" the non-coms repeated.

The troop yelled, spurred their horses, and up the steep slope in a magnificent charge rode the fifty-five with Wendon at their head. * * * The rebels fled to the jungle and lay concealed to fire. Up, up, yelling, firing, and spurring deep, dashed gallant K. Brit was in the air. His arms seemed to act without mental promptings. He

emptied his carbine into the jungle just below the smoke-clouds. Through the very center of the Filipino's position the troop plunged. * * * There were horses upon the ground, screaming from death-wounds. A soldier wearing the yellow stripes of a cavalry corporal lay upon the trail. The words of the Captain ran through Brit's head:

"Leave no wounded behind!"

Little Devlin was tugging at the bit of his plunging mount.

"Come on, Stork," he shouted, "it's up to us to get old Redden."

Devlin's horse was fighting the will of his rider. Old Buster wanted to race on with the troop. Brit veered his mount toward Redden. Buster followed. The two youngsters, hanging on for dear life to their bridle-reins, bent over the form of the Corporal. Vaguely from behind Brit heard the Captain shout, "Halt!" The word gave him courage. The troop would not leave them.

Suddenly, the gaunt gelding which he had ridden all that day, dropped shaking on the trail. The troop was waiting twenty yards ahead. With Devlin's aid, Brit lifted Corporal Redden to the saddle on old Buster.

"Now, grab his tail!" little Devlin ordered, at the same moment giving the horse a stinging slap. And thus clinging to old Buster's tail, the two were towed into the midst of their fellows, while the Corporal, dazed from a bad wound, clutched at the pommel of the saddle.

Then for the first time, Brit noticed that there was a hole in the left sleeve of his blue shirt near the shoulder;

and stricken with a sudden faintness at the sight, he sank to the ground.

There were other wounded. Two hours later, the broken troop rode into Mindang, and Brit was lifted from beside Devlin on old Buster—after sixteen hours—his first day in the field. He was unconscious for a long time, and when he opened his eyes, he was in a little bamboo shack, dimly lit with a candle, and Blake, the war correspondent of the "Star-Record," was bending over him.

"Brit, my boy, I'm awfully glad to see you!" Blake exclaimed.

"Thanks, Blake, it's like being back in the office of the "Star-Record" to see you. How long have you been with the infantry outfit?"

"Two weeks, Brit."

"Why don't you ride with the cavalry?" the recruit asked, and his eyes were shining. "Sixty miles we covered by the trail—rode through the fighting men of a whole province, and not a trooper was afraid—except me. It's glorious service—the cavalry!"

"Troop K won't be in the saddle again for a few days, my boy. Sixty miles, and an ugly fight is a hard day's work for even a troop of cavalry. I'll ride with you when you pull out again—that is, if you go back toward Manila. I've got to get off some despatches and letters or Kirby, of the "Post-Telegram," will be getting the scoop on me. How does your arm feel?"

"Just a little stiff and sore," Brit replied. "The bullet didn't touch the bone. I'll be as good as ever in a couple

of days. Really the matter with me, Blake, is that I'm in need of a new covering. You see, my saddle is harder than I am, and all the grinding of the sixty miles wore on the softer metal."

At this moment little Devlin, with a patch on his cheek, entered the shack. He was as lively after the terrible ride as he had been in the resting camp at Paranaque.

"If you want to see a bit of clear game, Blake," Brit said, "look upon my friend Devlin. I would never have gone back after poor Redden if Dev. hadn't dragged me. His spirits rise under fire, just as mine droop. I'm proud of being a friend of Devlin's."

"And so am I, sir," the correspondent said, offering his hand to the gallant little private. * * * A tall figure darkened the doorway of the shack. Devlin sprang to attention.

"How are you feeling, my man?" Captain Wendon asked gently, addressing Brit.

"Fine, sir," the recruit answered, conscious of an embarrassment he would not have felt in the presence of the President, during his "Star-Record" days.

"I am glad of that. You and Private Devlin deserve much credit for your conduct during the engagement."

"May I ask, sir, how Corporal Redden is?" Brit questioned. His face was very red.

"Corporal Redden is badly wounded, but he will live," the officer replied.

Little Devlin stood at attention, stiff as a carbine and as serious. Captain Wendon turned to the correspondent:

"I would be very glad, Mr. Blake," he said, "to have

you try pot-luck with me at any time. We'll likely be in Mindang three or four days."

"Thank you very much, Captain," Blake replied, as the officer retired.

Little Devlin unjointed himself with the remark that he would have been a frozen soldier, had he been forced to stand at attention much longer. "Say," he resumed, addressing Blake. "Did you hear Stork jolly the Captain along? I wouldn't have dared do that—not unless I was dopey from a fever."

"How's Blinn?" Brit asked, mentioning a trooper who had been wounded.

Devlin was silent for a full moment. His face was turned out into the dark.

"You'll be ridin' Blinn's horse next hike, Stork—or old Stonie's—listen!" For a second time that night, taps, the sad, the beautiful, sounded. Little Devlin snatched his campaign hat from his head and stood erect again until the last note from the bugle had died away.

"They're a-buryin' Blinn and Stonie now," he said softly.

Nobody spoke for a moment. Much sentiment was wrapped up in little Trooper Devlin—a soldier born, brave and enduring, uneducated but softhearted. Brit understood this, and Blake, the man of experience and tender sympathies, saw the rough virtues in the nature of the boy soldier. Moreover, he had the gift of making the world see the methods and motives of the men he studied. He asked many questions. Meanwhile Devlin

had visited the picket line to assure himself that old Buster was faring well, and was now rolled up in his blanket on the floor of the little Mindang shack.

"How is Kirby getting along?" Brit asked, drowsily.

"You know Kirby?" the other replied. "He's a hard worker and a good reporter, but rather unscrupulous in dealing with the craft—that is he'd do most anything to get a scoop for the "Post-Telegram." I have to keep my eyes open; and you know by this time that Luzon is a pretty big place for one man to watch."

"Where is he now?" Brit mumbled.

"I left him just as he was starting for one of the northern provinces. He's secretive about his intentions, so I asked no questions.* * * Forgive me, my boy, you're half dead for sleep, and I've been prodding you with questions, forgetting that you've done wonders to-day.

There was no reply. The troop surgeon came in and found his patient sleeping. With a whispered word of cheer to Blake, the busy man went out into the dark once more. * * * Then the war correspondent fixed the candle firmly in the floor and sprawled down beside it. For hours he wrote. Mosquitoes hummed about his head and hands, but he did not notice. Brit breathed heavily and Little Devlin snored, but Blake did not hear. Perspiration stood out in great drops from his brow, for the torrid night was insufferably hot. The writer was too busy to mind. He wrote of a marvelous ride and of a harsh little battle—about a tall recruit named "Stork," and his little bunkie, Devlin—two columns and a half in all. The east had yielded up the dawn before he sorted

the pages and folded them carefully. Then he drew a blanket over him and slept.

That story written in Mindang was destined to become a reportorial classic in the office of the "Star-Record"—destined to be copied by great newspapers all over a great nation—not only because it was brilliantly told, but for another reason which will soon be known.

* * *

The sealed orders which Captain Wendon brought to the infantry colonel in Mindang, caused the latter's regiment to break camp before dawn the following morning and march southward. It was necessary for Troop K to rest a few days in the town. Two troopers had been killed outright during the charge up the cliffs. Blinn and Stone died of their wounds after reaching Mindang. Of the remaining four wounded, Corporal Redden was the most serious case, and Private Britton the least. So Troop K had only forty seven men fit for duty on the morning that the infantry marched out of the town.

Mindang was in the heart of a hostile province. The invasion of American troops had caused the entire population to flee to the surrounding jungles. A day of dreadful heat and menacing silence passed. In the twilight, natives began to fire from the outskirts of the town. Captain Wendon ordered the troop, horses and all, into the ancient stone church—one of those mammoth cathedral ruins built in forgotten decades. These mark every ten square miles in Luzon.

The structure served admirably for a fortress, having

no fixtures whatsoever except the altar. The natives kneel upon the stone pavement during their devotions. In this great, gloomy vault of stone, the horses of K Troop were picketed, and the men made their bunks in the semi-darkness. Rice forage for the horses was stored in the chapel; the wounded were made comfortable and sentries were placed at the doors. All this was no desecration. The natives themselves turn their churches into forts in times of tribal war. Troop K, with its wounded, could ill afford to stand out in the open for the fire of gathering hostiles. Running water was obtainable in the chapel. When it was dark Captain Wendon addressed the troop as follows:

"We've only got three days' rations to a man and we may be here a week. The insurgents are increasing. Tomorrow or perhaps to-night they'll cut off our water supply. So we must work. Fill every vessel you can find with water. Let the horses drink as much as they will and look to your rations. Our wounded could not stand a charge through the lines outside, so we must have patience. Wash your horses, feet and limbs."

Neither Brit nor Blake slept that night. At intervals the insurgents fired through the walls. The horses, unused to closed quarters, were frightened much more than if they had been tethered in the open. The poor beasts plunged and kicked and had to be watched constantly lest they should injure themselves. The troop surgeon forced Brit to remain in his cot, but Blake assisted in a thousand ways and made himself a favorite with officer and men.

About noon of the second day, the water supply was cut off. Everything available had been filled, but even so the supply did not exceed one hundred gallons—little more than enough for one “watering” for fifty horses. Late in the afternoon of the same day a sentry was wounded, and deep gloom fell with the night over the little cavalry command. There seemed no hope ahead. The troopers ate only enough to keep their hunger on edge. They dared not drink their fill lest to-morrow they madden with thirst. The thought of insufficient food and water caused the suffering to increase infinitely. The men whispered that a charge must be made through the hostile cordon. The firing outside decreased. The natives were content to wait until hunger and thirst drove their prey to the trails.

Captain Wendon walked among his men constantly. Brit was sure that he never slept. The face of this iron-hearted leader was haggard now, as no fearful march had ever made it. He had a word of pity, a word of cheer, a word of warning for each trooper. There was no hope of being reinforced, no hope of the natives leaving their game—yet Captain Wendon held his troop in the torture-chamber for the sake of the wounded. A commander with less courage would have had mutiny in his ranks. The rice fodder was getting low. Constantly the horses whinnied and pawed the stones for water. It was most pitiful. The night passed in thirst and hunger.

In the fourth dawn, the horses were watered for the last time. They were allowed only to dip their heads into the shallow stone reservoir. They fought the will

of the troopers who endeavored to force them back to the picket line. Late in the afternoon, Brit and Blake saw little Devlin lift his mount's head and pour half the precious contents of his canteen down old Buster's throat. The recruit shut his eyes. Blake, breathing quickly, made an entry in his notebook.

The throats of the men were too parched to utter words. For the first time in his life, Brit felt the supreme of human suffering—famine for water in a torrid land. The memory of his first battle, his wound, his anguish in the saddle were trifles compared to this. Like the other troopers, his face assumed a sullen look and his mind upbraided his Captain for not ordering a dash through the Filipino ranks for water. He knew that care of the wounded is a sacred duty to any military command, but he was not quite himself, nor is any man, in the thrall of thirst. In the twilight, Captain Wendon stepped into the center of the church and raised his hand. Never before had the men seen his face so white or thin.

"My men," he said quietly, "we have done some hard service together lately, and you've shown the mettle of men. I thank you. Don't cheer. It would put the insurgents on their guard. To-night, when it is darker, we will charge through the enemy on the eastern trail. At the first river a mile from here, we must not pause, being such a small party. Spur your horses through the stream, and the fire of the Filipinos will help you, I fear. A mile farther on is the second stream. At this I hope to water horses and fill canteens. I need hardly add, my men, that no wounded must be left behind."

Never before did twilight linger so interminably, but at last it was dark and a column of twos was formed in the ancient church. The wounded were placed upon the horses best prepared to carry double. Brit, on duty once more, was in the seat with Devlin. Blake, being a civilian, was to ride in advance with the Captain.

"The door will be thrown open in a moment, men," Wendon said. "Ride low, ride fast, and let no one drag behind—forward!"

The great door was swung open, and Troop K, hungry, mad with thirst, carrying its wounded, charged out in the hostile horde. There was an instant of silence; then screams in the jungle; then firing, wild at first, but more dangerous when the charging troop was located.

Brit clung with his good hand to the mane of his mount as he saw the others do. To him it did not seem that any one could live in the terrible fire which flashed out of the wooded places on either side of the trail. He could hear the hoarse voice of little Devlin, who was cheering like a madman. * * * The forward troopers were in the first river. The fire was deadly still.

"Don't let 'em drink yet!" yelled the Captain. "We'll be out of range in the next river. Use your spurs!"

There was confusion unutterable in the shallow river—shouts of men and groans, too, screams of plunging horses, frenzied for water, rebelling against the bit which held their heads high. A few of the oldest and best-trained mounts were forced to the far side of the stream. The others followed, snatching a mouthful of water as they

could. One horse was dropped and the trooper grabbed his carbine from the boot attached to the saddle and leaped up in front of Brit. An instant later, the charge for the second river was begun, and the firing sounded farther and farther away.

Brit's mind was full of the tragedy of the moment. He had heard whimperings from the men of iron, during the frightful moment in the river. He knew that Devlin was still alive. He heard the magnificent voice of the troop commander, but he was sure of none of the others, since darkness covered all. How about Blake, who rode in front with the Captain? * * * Three, five minutes passed—silence behind—a yell from the forward troopers, and then the Captain's voice:

"Here's water for us all, boys!"

Men and horses were in the stream—men and horses drank alike—in the direct and greedy way of the thirst-maddened. No, there was one who had not yet drank. Captain Wendon was in the midst of his men, learning their numbers and their wounds. * * * Brit lifted his head from the stream. How about Blake, he thought.

"Oh, Blake!" he shouted, fearing he knew not what.

"Yes, Brit, my boy," came the reply faintly.

And Blake had not yet drank. He was lying in the dark on the bank of the river.

"Where's your wound?" Brit whispered. The heart within him was strangely cold. He had never realized before how dear to him was this brave war correspondent.

"It's somewhere here," Blake answered, weakly, guid-

ing Brit's hand to his right breast. "It looks as if old Kirby would scoop me now for a while."

Brit held a canteen to the lips of his friend, and he felt that his own heart was breaking.

PART THREE.

Before Troop K. rode into Naig, after charging through the terrible cordon of insurgents, many of the horses were carrying double. Captain Wendon sat erect in his saddle at the head of his men, but his face was white as ashes. Not until dawn did the troopers learn that their leader was carrying an ugly shoulder-wound. Sergeant Kifer, a fifteen year soldier, had fallen in the second river. Three troopers had been wounded. Corporal Redden stood the ride well, though delirious at intervals. Once more little Devlin had emerged from harsh action unscathed. His willing hands were steadying the limp form of the "Star-Record's" correspondent. Poor Blake had only ridden once with the cavalry.

"Steady, Buster, old boy—step easy," little Devlin repeated through the long night. "We've got to handle Stork's friend with gloves 'cause he's a white man, and he's sick."

Brit, riding beside Devlin as usual, heard these words and was grateful. * * * The crisis in his life was at hand. It seemed ages ago since he rode out of Paranaque, yet in reality only one short week had passed. He had been wounded in service. Two never-to-be-forgotten

cavalry charges had occurred—memories that would thrill him and all the survivors while life lasted. He had ridden and fought with the others. So far, his superiors could only say, "Well done." But there were greater tasks ahead—they appeared to him vaguely—like the spires of Naig, seen far ahead through the early dawn.

The substance of the whole matter was that Blake, the beloved correspondent of the "Star-Record," was sorely wounded. In itself this grave incident was one of the saddest that Brit ever bore. And behind the sorrow was the startling fact that the "Star-Record" was without a representative in Luzon; while Kirby, a man of great resources and few scruples, was active in behalf of the "Post-Telegram," Brit felt that he could help very little, chained as he was by military regulations. He might write letter after letter, which would be eagerly printed by the "Star-Record," but letters required a month in transmission. Meanwhile Kirby would keep constantly in touch with the cable, and despatch, as they presented themselves, the issues of the campaign. Even if the troop were allowed to rest in Manila, Brit's time would not belong to the "Star-Record," since he was an enlisted man.

The troop rode into Naig amid the cheers of an infantry battalion. This town is connected with Manila both by wire and steamer. Blake was placed with the wounded of the command in comfortable quarters. Brit stood by while an infantry surgeon-major made an examination.

"The ball passed through the right lung, making a serious though not necessarily a fatal wound. The patient

will be confined several months. With the good constitution which he seems to have and good care, he ought to recover."

In the middle of the afternoon Blake opened his eyes, smiled at Brit and whispered:

"In my haversack there is a bundle of letters. Mail them to the 'Star-Record,' Then cable the following, which concerns you: 'Blakendon—wilful—andrea—Britton—fortunate—imperial—Washington.' That's the 'Star-Record' private code. Then write a mailed story of the fight last night—write a corker, signing your own name, and cable twenty five words. I'll show you the cipher. Then write to my wife saying that the 'Star-Record' will exaggerate my wound—that I'm O. K.—only out of the running for a few days. You'll find in the haversack papers that'll make any telegraph operator serve you. That'll be enough for one day."

Blake smiled, closed his eyes, having exerted a marvelous will-power, and endangered his life for the "Star-Record."

Private Britton started upon his new tasks. He mailed Blake's letters, which included the story of the ride to Mindang from Paranaque, and the parts which Devlin and Stork had in the fight. He despatched a brief story of the engagement by cipher and also the personal cable, via Naig by telegram to Manila. The operator O. K'd. the message upon reading the wounded correspondent's credentials. Then Britton wrote the details for the mailed story working with furious energy, forgetting the pain

in his arm, forgetting even the cavalry. He drew a dramatic picture of the scene in the Mindang church—of Blake's greatness and his fall. When taps sounded that night, the work was finished and mailed, and Brit was conscious that Kirby could have done no more.

A week passed in Naig. Brit combined the duties of a trooper and a correspondent and did both well. The condition of Blake and Corporal Redden was at least satisfactory. Finally, the wounded were placed upon the hospital ship Solace, and Brit rode with his troop to Manila, carrying in his saddlebags Blake's credentials, and in his mind many orders and ideas. Troop K was stationed in San Pedro Macati. The regulations became irksome. Special permission was required by soldiers desiring to go to the city, four miles away. Though there were constant rumors of great happenings on the north and south lines, Brit was unable to get at the heart of the truth in order to cable messages. Even if he secured permission to go to Manila, he could not present himself at headquarters for military routine, being an enlisted man. He heard that General Lawton was to leave for an important expedition in a few days, and that many correspondents were to accompany him. The new troop-commander understood Brit's position and piled duties upon him. Three days passed in which Brit was not allowed to leave San Pedro Macati. He was in great trouble, although realizing that he was doing his very best. He mailed many letters descriptive of the life, the land, and the natives; but in so far as concerned the actual news, the "Star-Record" fared but ill.

One morning he was called into the orderly room. He expected new assignments of duty, and almost fainted when he opened a cablegram from the "Star-Record" and deciphered the following: "Your discharge cabled. Take Blake's place. Watch Lawton. Glover."

"Well, Stork, you didn't stay with us long," the troop clerk said. "Your paper has evidently fixed up matters for you in Washington. The order for the discharge came by cable this morning and the papers are being made out. I'm sorry you're going to leave us."

Brit was now a civilian—a social equal to generals—a war correspondent. Quickly he recovered from the intelligence, and the responsibilities of his new position appeared. The cipher cable which Blake dictated, had done the business. Leaving the orderly room, he ran into little Devlin, who would not believe the news.

"But here's the cablegram," Brit said.

"Stork," the other remarked slowly, and there was an ominous tremble in his voice, "I've a good mind to lick you."

Instead, the little trooper ran to the picket-line where old Buster was tethered—as he always did in a trying moment. When he finally shook hands, Brit saw tears in his bunkie's eyes, and he promised that he would often ride with Troop K.

Rain began as Brit started for the city. He exulted in the achievement of his ambition, though saddened that the great change should be accomplished at the cost of Blake's suffering. After all, there was a lonely place in

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his heart when he thought of brave little Devlin standing at old Buster's head trying to conceal his sorrow at the parting.

In the city Brit was informed that General Lawton would lead an expedition into the Maraquina Valley, starting on the following morning. He obtained permission to accompany the column, took possession of Blake's room on the Escolta, as he had been told to do, purchased a civilian outfit, and looked well to the needs of his pony. The rains increased although it was in the midst of the dry season.

Early in the evening, Brit was called down town to attend some trivial detail. He was standing near the Bridge of Spain when a troop of cavalry pounded past through the mud and water. He was on the alert in an instant. At headquarters, a civilian clerk confided that the horsemen were General Lawton and his bodyguard.

"But the expedition was not to start until morning," Brit said hastily.

"The brigade has been on the trail three hours," replied the clerk. "The General will overtake them. He started out to-night to give a bunch of press correspondents the slip. He likes newspaper men all right, but says they are a bother in the field.

The "Star-Record" had cabled him to watch Lawton. He must overtake the brigade. A half hour later he was on the trail of the troops, having lunched, saddled, and equipped himself for a night's ride through the rain. He passed the sentries at Santa Mesa, and would have lost

the trail had it not been for the instinct of his pony. Two hours passed. Lawton must have ridden rapidly, he thought. * * * The pony quickened his pace and whinnied. From ahead came an answering neigh. American horses would not reply to a Filipino pony. Brit feared that he had run into a party of rebels who were trailing the American column. He drew up. The sounds ahead were from a single mount. He could hear the sucking of the hoofs as they lifted and settled into the soft mire. He would not go back. He hailed the horseman ahead.

"Hello, the answer returned timidly.

Brit galloped forward and a moment afterward was shaking hands with Kirby, of the "Post-Telegram," who, like Brit, had learned of the General's change in plans by accident. Each was glad of the other's company during the lonely and dangerous ride, yet each knew that there would be silent war when the column was reached. Kirby was not the man to aid another in the pursuit of material.

Farther, farther into the enemy's country and through a heavy rain-storm, rode the newspaper men. The increasing distance from Manila was a menace, since the trail was new to American troops and unpatrolled. Kirby grew nervous and irritable and finally suggested that the two go back to Manila. Brit indignantly refused. Strength came to him with the other's weakness. He felt that the "Star-Record" would not suffer if personal courage only was needed.

It was after one o'clock that a soaked and straggling infantry battalion was reached. Kirby suddenly changed into a capable and controlled correspondent. Slowly Brit made his way forward toward the head of the column, and there rode General Lawton, a giant shadow on a giant mount. His favorite troop rode behind him, and about him rode his aides, the trumpeters, and the orderlies.

Without a moment's respite, the rain pounded down. The trail was a shallow river thick with mud. The troop horses struggled in the deep ruts; while the infantrymen, hampered by soggy blanket-rolls and heavy rifles, their shoulders bound by stifling ponchos—were indeed to be pitied. That march was fearful, but the indomitable General followed his scouts and would not call a halt. A portion of the trail was nothing more than a rice dyke, barely a foot wide and spongy from the rain. The cavalry wore these dykes to the clay, leaving them slippery as glass; and in the blackness of the night, the infantrymen would be precipitated waist-deep into the swimming rice fields. Many, indeed, were the blanket-rolls and haversacks which the maddened foot soldiers threw away that dreadful night.

In the wan light of a raining dawn, the scouts paused before the Maraquina river. Opposite was the ancient town of San Mateo—nothing more than a series of low gray stone ruins. The column halted. For the first time Brit saw the features of the gallant General. A calm, stern face beneath the white helmet of torrid service; gray hair and gray mustache; a commanding figure clad in a great, yellow oilskin slicker—such was this man who

hardly raised his voice, yet held twenty five hundred men in the hollow of his hand.

In an open place in the midst of his aides and orderlies, the General took position and directed his troops, placing them in the wooded growth along the river. Many of the men were munching water-soaked hardtack. Fires were impossible and without their coffee, the soldiers were in an ugly mood. Though there were sandwiches in his haversack, Brit could not eat. His body was chilled from the continued rain, but his head burned. * * * Shots rang hungrily from behind the ruins across the river. The hostile force was concealed. The voice of the General was heard.

Standing out in the open, near the river's edge, he ordered his men to keep under cover. That was Lawton's way. Deliberately as a man would arrange checkers upon a board, the General formed his forces for an advance. Meanwhile the insurgents across the river had picked him out as the dreaded leader of the invaders. The Filipino officers commanded their men to fire only at him. As yet there was little or no answering fire from the Americans, and the enemy took courage. Many heads could be seen through the rain, bobbing up and down behind the stone walls.

In the midst of a terrific fire, Lawton stood unmoved. Two orderlies were flattened on the ground about him. The sleeve of the General's slicker was torn by a bullet. He had been under worse fire a score of times. He had grown gray under fire.

A lieutenant ran out to draw his superior to cover. He seized the General's sleeve and tried to draw him back. The lieutenant staggered and dropped to the wet ground. The General leaned over the fallen body—spoke a few words—and sank beside the man who would have drawn him to a place of safety.

All this Brit saw as one dazed and dreaming. A great and appalling silence pervaded the American camp. Then came cries from over the river—cries of exultation! A soldier dashed into the river, hundreds followed. The idol of the regular army man had fallen. Only one thing remained to do—avenge his death. Such was the realization. The brigade sprang to the task. San Mateo was cleaned out swiftly—as if by flood and fire.

And Brit was untethering his pony. A mighty man had fallen. The world—the "Star-Record" must know! There were no wires to Manila—sixteen miles away, and the trail was running mud, and rebel-haunted! It might be twelve hours before the brigade started for Manila. The "Star-Record" must not wait twelve hours. There was heat in Brit's brain and chills in his body—yet he saw the great opportunity. He must seize it—dangers notwithstanding. He leaped into the saddle.

"Where are you going?" a voice behind questioned.

Brit turned. Kirby was looking at him queerly.

"Back to the cable office in Manila."

"The natives will eat you before you go two miles."

"They'll have to have better ponies than mine," Brit answered.

Leaving Kirby of the "Post-Telegram" in a state of great excitement and greater discomfiture, Brit rode out of the American lines on the Maraquina River. He could hear the firing and frenzied cries of the soldiers across in San Mateo. He could see the trail ahead, marked clearly as a river bed. There was no danger of missing the way, but there was danger from insurgents.

Brit was burning with fever and shaking with chills, both in a moment; yet he realized that as great an opportunity as ever presented itself to a correspondent, was within reach. There were no wires to Manila. The brigade would spend hours in San Mateo. They would march back slowly carrying their dead. Then correspondents would fight for the cable. The wires would become congested. Brit would avoid all these things. Only two newspaper men had been present during the most tragic moment in the history of the American campaigns in the Philippines. Kirby of the "Post-Telegram" saw the opportunity, but failed to act upon it. Britton of the "Star-Record" had lost not a moment—was riding along through the rain over a rebel-haunted trail. Great dangers would be involved, but never yet was a splendid opportunity seized without sacrifice.

The tough pony which poor Blake had once ridden splashed gamely through the mud and water. The sound of firing grew faint. Brit was unfamiliar with the tropical fever, and did not understand why certain thoughts recurred so stubbornly to his mind. * * The grandeur of Lawton's last moments, the tragedy of his fall; the rush of the maddened soldiers into the swollen

river—these thoughts moved in a circle. The story he would cable to the "Star-Record" formed in his mind—even to the structure of the sentences. He wearied of it, but his brain could contain no other thing. He repeated the stirring narrative to the pony, meanwhile urging the nervy little beast forward.

Slipping over rice dykes where an American cavalry horse would have had to pick his way, the native pony was forced to trot; and where the trail was level, Brit made his mount gallop, splashing sheets of water in every direction. Ahead was an open field and a native shack. Natives were probably inside. The sight of a habitation brought a certain realization of peril, but Brit spurred his pony through the area. This was a most reckless act. Had it not been for the fever he would have taken a roundabout way through the jungle. The shack seemed deserted. It was behind him now, yet he was uneasy. Should he be forced to retreat, that shack stood in his way. * * * But he would not retreat! The rider shut his teeth together angrily. The "Star-Record" would scoop the world on this event, and he would enable them to do it.

He had been over an hour upon the way. Half the distance to Manila must be covered, he thought. Brit had passed the whole night in the saddle, yet he did not feel tired.

"Something's the matter with me," he muttered. "I'm not tired, not hungry, but I'm freezing and burning. Come on, boy."

He spurred the pony forward, conscious that it was cruel on such a trail, but the necessity was great. Every moment counted. Another open field—another shack—and two natives were standing out in the rain. They were looking away from him.

Brit was panting now. The natives were likely armed. He pulled the pony down to a walk, and veered off the trail into the jungle on the left. The undergrowth was very dense. He dismounted and led his pony. Through the thick foliage he could catch a glimpse now and then of the natives—three now—and one of them had a rifle in his hands. They were standing in a listening attitude.

Brit waded as softly as possible through the knee-deep water of the jungle. He was beyond the shack. He hated to waste so much time. A little farther on—then he leaped upon the pony and gained the trail. Yells came from behind. A bullet whized by his head—then another.

The natives increased to a half dozen. They were pursuing him on foot. Brit laughed and waved his hat, conscious that his action was unnatural. Once more his fevered mind grappled with the message that would soon be on the way to the "Star-Record." A third bullet zipped by. Brit ducked and did not attempt to see who fired the shot.

Fifteen minutes later, he had passed through Maraquina Camp, and was riding like mad upon a trail patrolled by American troops. The danger of the ride was over, but there were miles still. Through Santa Mesa upon a spent pony! Through the streets of Manila—into the Escolta. The pony veered into his quarters, refused to travel an-

other step. Brit flung the reins to a native coachboy, and dashed into the street again. Americans and Filipinos alike gazed at him wonderingly.

A *carometa* was hailed. In words half-Spanish, Brit commanded the driver to speed to the cable office in Malate, three miles away—offering ten Mexican dollars for haste. People drive fast in Manila. No comment was aroused by the madly careening little carriage as it sped through the rainy, stone-paved streets. Across the Bridge of Spain, past the Luneta was driven the boy who had news to stir the world. And this boy, drenched to the skin, flighty from fever, had just covered a trail alone that would have been dangerous for a squad of cavalry.

In the tumbling *carometa*, Brit wrote as if for his life. The first page of copy was completed and translated into the "Star-Record's" secret code. He was beginning upon the second page when the carriage jerked up in front of the cable office. The native driver had done well. He was ordered to wait.

The wires were not rushed, for which fact Brit praised heaven. He handed a page of cipher to the operator, and had the satisfaction of seeing the latter pass it on the wires immediately. Meanwhile the correspondent was preparing more and the message was being handled in Hong Kong and pushed over the continent toward Great Britain.

Brit wrote of the gloomy dawn—of the white-haired idol, of the regular army man standing boldly out in the rain and directing his followers—of the shouts and firing

across the swollen river—of the idol's fall, the rage of his men and their vengeance. He wrote of the "Star-Record's" representative, carrying the news over a dangerous trail—how the same correspondent now sending a cipher cable in Manila was the only man in the big city who knew the news. Without wasting a single word, yet sparing none that would enhance the value of the story, Brit filled page after page. He worked slowly now, because copy was piling upon the operator, and he wanted to hold the Hong Kong wire as long as possible. There was no necessity, however. The story was finished, and no word came from San Mateo.

Only a few people were on the streets. These hurried to and fro through the rain. The American soldiers remained in garrison. The big Oriental city was silent and rain-swept. One fever-stricken American might have shocked every soul, but he withheld his secret.

Two hours passed. The special to the "Star-Record" had crossed the Atlantic, and was being handled in New York. The great intelligence in cipher flashed over the wires, like an ordinary bit of news. The operator in the "Star-Record" office pounded his typewriter wearily, while the sounder clicked in his ear. The telegraph editor received the first page of copy, announced a Philippine despatch from Britton, and hurried into the office of Mr. Glover, the Managing Editor. On the way, he caught the significance of the first line. Then he ran.

"Exclusive story from Brit in Manila—Lawton killed!" he whispered, excitedly.

Mr. Glover, usually the coolest of men, whitened and

dashed into the composing room. The latter department was cleared of all routine. Local happenings were cast aside. Every word of the cable was a sentence; every sentence a paragraph. The operator still was busy with the despatch. As the words were translated, Brit's action became more and more of a marvel. Fifteen minutes after the first line of the message reached the "Star-Record" office, an edition was in the streets. Wires to big cities revealed the fact that the intelligence was nowhere known. The cable cost six hundred dollars. In thirty minutes the "Star-Record" realized three times that sum from great newspapers, for the rights of the story. The "Post-Telegram" appeared upon the streets with Brit's wire copied almost word for word. Mr. Glover laughed.

"Not a line from Kirby!" he exclaimed.

Minutes, hours passed, and the wonder increased. The United States was dependent upon the "Star-Record" for news of the great event—dependent and willing to pay. The "Post-Telegram," unable to connect with Kirby, began to murmur denials. A deathly silence settled upon the "Star-Record" office. If the story were untrue, the calamity would be dire indeed.

"If it isn't true, Brit's insane with fever," Mr. Glover told one of the directors, "and if it is true, he has turned the trick of a wizard."

* * *

Meanwhile, back in Manila, a wild-eyed boy was haunting the cable office in Malate. Four hours had passed,

and still not a word from San Mateo. One of the K troopers hailed him.

"Hullo, Stork," the soldier said. "Say, you ought to go to bed. You're full of fever."

"Am I?" Brit replied strangely. "I thought something was the matter with me. Have you heard from Captain Wendon?"

"He was brought ashore from the Solace this morning—him and that civilian friend of yours—they're in the First Reserve Hospital!"

Brit jumped into the carometa and was driven to the hospital. The soldier thought him crazy. Blake listened to the story and took the sick boy's hand.

"You've done the biggest piece of newspaper work in years," he said. "Go back to the cable office and fire twenty words more. Glover'll think it's a dream if you don't reassure him. Dwell upon your ride—the chances you took—the shots—the pony giving out, and all that. Sign my name. Then come back here and lie down. You're ill."

Brit did as he was told. Dark was settling upon the city when the message was finished. The correspondent ordered the driver to take him back to Blake. His task was completed. Three horses were racing toward him. On the last mount was Kirby of the "Post-Telegram." Brit smiled and remembered no more.

The despatch signed "Blake" was all that the "Star-Record" needed. Mr. Glover sent a reporter to Mrs. Britton to tell her of the great achievement of her son.

After the tragedy quiet settled upon Luzon. The blow seemed to take the heart out of the regular army. Not until the body was brought into Manila did the rains cease. Three days of terrible rains in the dry season—and in the midst of this unseasonable storm, occurred the worst blow American arms received in the Philippines. Brit burned with fever for ten days, but the beautiful weather, cooled by a breeze from Japan, set him right.

Thirty-five days after the famous cable special, a transport crawled into Manila harbor with mail. Among many letters which Brit received, one from the "Star-Record," and another from his mother were dearest of all. The first read as follows:

"My Dear Brit—The 'Star-Record' will not recover for many days from the startling Lawton cable, nor from your splendid energy and daring which made possible the greatest scoop of years. For eight hours every great newspaper in the United States was at our feet. When at last, the other correspondents awoke and began to burn the cable, their stories tallied in every particular with yours—though none compared in vividness. The 'Star-Record' is very grateful to you. A substantial token of its gratitude has been made out in your mother's name. Meanwhile, until other arrangements can be made, draw upon Blake for all you need.

"Poor, brave Blake! The nature of his wound seems to make necessary his return. I have written him to board a transport as soon as he is able to travel and join his wife. When he is fit for service again, and you are eager to return to God's country, I will have him relieve you.

Meanwhile, be assured that I am immensely proud of you.

Very sincerely yours,

EDWIN GLOVER."

The second letter was from the hungry mother-heart, and dearer to Brit than mountains of gold. It begged him to take no more great chances. It was full of love and pride and prayers for his safety. Brit had done great things, yet he was merely a boy after all. He was alone with his treasures in the room on the Escolta. Tears came into his eyes. His heart was filled with joy in possessing such a mother and such a friend as the "Star-Record." Later in the day he sought Blake.

"I'll be able to travel in a couple of weeks," the wounded correspondent said. "The 'Star-Record' will not suffer."

"I'll do my best, but I'm only a child compared to you," Brit replied.

"The world thinks differently," Blake observed, smiling.

There was no misunderstanding between these two. Through years of consistent and clever labor, the older man had achieved his name. The boy had only to continue as he had begun. They parted after the strong hand-clasp of true friendship. Brit called upon Corporal Redden, and found the brave soldier on the road to perfect recovery. In a few brief days Redden had shown himself a man, inasmuch that he had been kind to a suffering boy. Brit would never forget.

The next day, little Devlin dashed into Brit's room on

a run and jump and tackled his old bunkie like a star college-end.

"We pull out for the south lines again tomorrow, Stork," he announced. "There's goin' to be more doin's. Captain Wendon is back to the troop, all healed up and crazy to be in the saddle again. Your paper'll fire you if you miss this hike."

"I won't miss it," Brit said, joyfully. "We'll bunk together under the stars as we used to. It seems years since I was a trooper in K."

"A rookie in K, you mean!" little Devlin corrected.

Early the next morning Brit rode out to San Pedro Macati and was thrilled again to hear the whinnying of the troop horses, waiting for their nosebags. The boys called him "Stork," and greeted him royally. Captain Wendon shook hands with him, saying:

"You made a good soldier, Britton, and I've heard, a good correspondent. I am glad to have you ride with us."

Brit flushed like a girl. He was standing at attention.

Captain Wendon laughed.

"You don't have to stand in the position of a soldier, now, my boy."

"I do to you, sir," Brit replied.

Little Devlin was cinching a shiny saddle upon old Buster. He was too busy even to grin, for there was riding and charges and firing ahead—and little Devlin was a soldier born.

The troop formed in twos. Captain Wendon raised his hand. The bugler sounded, "forward."

Brit, in the set with Devlin, was tingling with memories and hopes. At a half-trot, gallant K pounded out of San Pedro Macati on the south trail.

"Oh, the glorious cavalry!" Brit muttered.

IN THE DAYS OF PAUL REVERE.

“By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.”

Every American boy should know how Ralph Waldo Emerson came to write this famous verse and the full significance of the stirring lines, for they have to do with one of the most important events in the history of our nation. To understand their meaning one must go back in our country's history more than one hundred and twenty five years, back to the troublous times of the Revolution when Paul Revere set forth on the ride that has kept his memory green for more than a century and that has given him a permanent place in the history of the nation. One must go back to the nineteenth day of April in the year 1775, which was the day when “The shot heard round the world” was really fired.

The events of the weeks and months preceding the firing of this shot had made it certain that the time would come when the Revolutionists would have to fire many shots to secure what they knew to be their just rights. The obnoxious “Britishers” had become more and more exacting and unjust in their demands, and the spirit of rebellion had been in the air as well as in the hearts of the people for a long time. The Patriots had been preparing for action for a long time before the

fateful nineteenth day of April, and Paul Revere had ridden from Boston out to Lexington, a distance of twelve miles, on the sixteenth to carry messages from General Warren to Hancock and Adams regarding the suspicious movements of General Gage, which indicated that the British general was planning to make a secret expedition to Concord to seize the war-stores there and capture Hancock and Adams. But of Revere's famous ride you shall hear later.

We all know how "taxation without representation" combined with many petty tyrannies and offensive laws had finally led up to a determination on the part of the Patriots to break away entirely from the rule and control of the mother country. General Gage and his troops were in and around Boston to compel the Patriots to submit to the dictates of the King and his parliament. There had been some minor encounters between the British and the Patriots, but all that had happened was but mere child's play compared to that which was to come after that "Shot heard round the world" had been fired.

If you should ever visit Boston you may see the old North Church, from the steeple of which hung the signal lanterns that told Paul Revere that watchers had discovered that the British were about to move toward Lexington and Concord. You may go over the very road over which Revere galloped on his way to give warning to Hancock and Adams and to the Patriots to prepare for the oncoming of the foe. It was on the night of the eighteenth of April in the year 1775 that Paul Revere rode out from Boston to Lexington. Thomas Richardson

and Josiah Bentley were the two loyal friends who rowed Revere across the narrow Charles River separating Boston from Charlestown. This was about five minutes before the orders of Gage forbidding any one to leave Boston that night were carried into effect. When those orders were in force Revere was galloping away in the darkness toward Lexington. Longfellow has told us in the following lines about that crossing of the Charles River:

“Then he said ‘Good night!’ and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.”

It was midnight when Paul Revere rode swiftly into Lexington. While passing through Cambridge he met two British officers who tried to capture him, one of them pursuing him for some distance. This episode caused Revere to change his course, which was fortunate for him, for had he kept on the road he had first taken he would probably have come upon the British soldiers who had left Boston in advance of Revere and were marching toward Lexington.

Escaping from the two British officers Revere rode on swiftly to the little town of Medford, where he tarried

long enough to arouse the captain of the minutemen. Then the midnight rider, his heart throbbing wildly because of his country's peril, hurried on to Lexington tarrying for an instant at some of the lonely farm houses to tell the sleeping inmates that the Redcoats were coming. When he reached Lexington Paul Revere rode to the house in which John Hancock and Samuel Adams were sleeping, and told them his important news before riding on to arouse the people of Concord. Dawes, who had reached Lexington by this time, now joined Revere and rode on with him to Concord.

One may still see in Lexington the old belfry in which was the bell whose warning peal aroused the people from their slumbers and sent the men hurrying for their guns. By two o'clock the minutemen were in battle array and the whole town was on the alert. Scouts were sent down the road leading to Boston to return with warning if they saw the Redcoats coming. The messengers returned with the news that they could see no sign of the enemy and the waiting people began to think that, after all, the alarm had been a false one. Some of the men returned to their arms with the understanding that they were to report for duty at the beat of the drum. Others repaired to the old Buckman Tavern, which is still standing, and waited there for news of the Redcoats.

In the meantime Paul Revere had been captured by the British. He and Dawes and a patriot named Prescott who had joined them, were galloping along the road toward Concord. They were riding together with Revere in advance of his comrades, when he saw two men in the

road ahead of him. Revere drew rein and by the time Prescott and Dawes had joined him they were surrounded by four Britishers. The three patriots tried to ride on and Dawes and Prescott made their escape, but Revere was captured by six British officers who suddenly dashed out from the woods. One of the officers put his pistol to Revere's head and threatened to blow his brains out if he did not tell who he was and answer truthfully all of the questions the officer asked him. Speaking of this event afterward, Paul Revere said:

"I told him that I was a man of truth; that he had stopped me on the highway and made me a prisoner, I knew not by what right; that I would tell him the truth; that I was not afraid."

Revere told his captors boldly that he had alarmed the country and that the people were armed and ready to fight. The British and Revere then started toward Lexington. When near the town the sound of guns was heard and one of the British officers compelled Revere to give up his good horse and mount an old, worn-out horse belonging to the officer. Then Revere was told that he might go. He made his way to the house in which Hancock and Adams were in Lexington and told his story. It was known that the British were especially anxious to effect the capture of Hancock and Adams, and they were urged to seek a place of greater safety. They stoutly refused at first, but were finally made to see that it would be for the public good for them to keep out of the hands of the enemy. They, therefore, sought greater security in what is now the town of Burlington, Revere

and two other men escorting them in safety and then returning to Lexington in time to take part in the famous battle.

In the meantime the British, eight hundred strong, were headed toward Lexington and Concord, but long before they reached the scene of the battle the ringing of bells and the arrival of scouts told them that the people had been told of the coming of the enemy and were arming for defense.

A part of the British troops had been sent on to capture the bridges at Concord. Several messengers sent out from Lexington by the Provincials were captured. The last messenger sent out from Lexington was a man named Thaddeus Bowman, and when he suddenly came face to face with the British he wheeled about so suddenly and rose away so swiftly that it was impossible to effect his capture, and he was soon back in Lexington with the exciting information that the British were near at hand.

Captain Parker, who was in charge of the minutemen at Lexington, at once gave orders for the alarm guns to be fired and the drums to be beaten. The minutemen speedily responded and were soon formed in two ranks across the Lexington Green, there being about sixty men in arms with about fifty spectators, some of whom were also armed. On came the British and it was then that Captain Parker gave utterance to the memorable words:

"Stand your ground! Don't fire unless fired upon! But if they mean to have a war, let it begin here!"

The visitor to Lexington may see a granite boulder bearing these words, and it stands on the spot on which Captain Parker stood when the words were spoken. The British have always claimed that the minutemen fired first, while it has been as steadily maintained by the minutemen that the British were the first to fire. The evidence supports the claim of the minutemen.

When the British troops drew near they commanded the Provincials to "Disperse ye rebels! Villains, disperse!" Of course the Provincials did not heed this command although it was repeated with still greater fury, whereupon a few guns were fired by the British, but the guns were not pointed toward the minutemen. The minutemen still refusing to disperse, a promiscuous firing suddenly began and the battle was on. Captain Parker finally gave the order for his men to disperse, but not until eight of them were lying dead on the field of battle and ten were wounded. The British did not suffer the loss of a single man and they assembled on the Green and gave three triumphant huzzas before marching on to Concord.

Paul Revere and his companion had been to the Hancock house to get a small trunk containing important papers belonging to John Hancock. They left Lexington with the trunk just as the British appeared, and as they rode on to Concord they could hear the noise of battle in their rear. One may see in the State House in Boston the gun carried by Captain Parker at the battle of Lexington and also the first gun captured from the British in the Revolution.

In Lexington one may see the old Hancock-Clarke house with a tablet on one end bearing these words:

Built 1698.

Enlarged 1744.

Residence of

Rev. John Hancock, 55 years,

and of his successor,

Rev. Jonas Clarke, 50 years.

Here Samuel Adams and John Hancock were sleeping
when aroused by

Paul Revere, April 17, 1775.

After leaving Lexington the British hastened on to Concord, where they took possession of the Town House, the minutemen deeming it the part of wisdom to retreat before so large a force and wait until their numbers were increased by the men coming in from the surrounding towns. Accordingly, the minutemen retreated over the famous Old North bridge. During the two hours that the British had been in possession of Concord, reinforcements had come in to the Provincials until they now numbered about four hundred and fifty men. It was determined to drive away the British guard at the bridge. The attempt to do this brought on the battle at the bridge in which one British soldier was killed and nine wounded, while the Provincials lost two men and two more were wounded. The British then gave up the attempt to hold the bridge and fled toward the village, the Provincials following them across the bridge and some distance toward the town.

I have not space in which to tell of how the plucky

minutemen charged on the British and sent them hurrying and scurrying from Concord back to Boston. The chief interest centers in the conflict on Lexington green and at the Old North Bridge where one may find monuments commemorating these stirring events. There are many other landmarks in the shape of tablets or monuments or carved boulders telling where important events occurred in connection with the first bold and determined resistance to British oppression. There is no more interesting historic ground in America than the battlegrounds of Lexington and Concord, although the loss of life was so small. It was the beginning of the struggle for the independence that the boys and girls of to-day are taught to cherish so fondly. It was the beginning of many things that have made our country worthy of the respect and admiration of other great countries, and that have given us the right to call it "The land of the free and the home of the brave."

A BOND OF HONOR.

CHARLOTTE CANTY.

The Red Cross flag, beneath the Stars and Stripes, floated over the tent at the door of which David Hall, the young hospital steward, stood, sealing a letter. He was keeping an eye on the orderly who was coming for the mail, but he glanced again at the address and read it, half aloud:

"Mrs. Caroline Tracy,
"Swift Falls,
"Vermont."

The older man lying on the cot within the tent watched the tall lad with some amusement.

"Sweetheart?" he asked, with a significant smile.

"No," replied Dave; "I haven't any sweetheart, Styles."

The elder man's glance met the clear, smiling eyes of the lad.

"Mother?" The query was more subdued.

Dave Hall's lips tightened, and he turned away.

"I haven't any mother—now," he said; and then suddenly resuming his wonted cheerfulness, he sank into his seat beside the patient. "That letter and the others you've seen me mail went to the dear old lady to whom I'm indebted for my start in life. She hasn't anybody but me in the world; she had a son once, but something vague and untraceable ends his history years ago. I—we used to do what we could for her, when she was very poor; then an old uncle or cousin died, and left her

his estate, and since then she's been entirely devoted to me. She is paying all my college expenses, and says that she will leave me her little fortune when——"

"Good for you!" said the man on the cot. "I don't doubt that you deserve it, though; you've been a trump to stay by me as you have done. How long have you been at college?"

"Just a year."

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen," was the reply.

"Twenty years younger than I am," said the man, in a musing tone. Then, with renewed interest, he asked: "Say, lad, what brought you here, anyhow?"

"The burst of the war bombshell, of course; the same thing that set you jumping, no doubt. I couldn't miss it, and when Doctor Moore of our college was appointed army surgeon, he suggested that I come along in the Hospital Corps and help him patch up damaged Americans. I think it's better work for me than making war on the Filipinos would be. It has given me valuable experience that I never should have acquired otherwise."

The man watched him with narrowing eyes.

"Your're made of fine stuff, old chap," he said; "but how does the old lady like letting you go?"

"Oh, of course, she's lonely," replied Dave. "She hasn't any one but me, you know. One of her proudest boasts is that she was a soldier's wife, so she didn't protest too much against my plan. But here, I'm letting you talk too much. What do you suppose the surgeon will say if he finds me talking at this length to you?"

"Never mind, my boy; I'll settle with him. Maybe it won't make much difference, anyhow. I heard him talking outside the tent last evening—his voice isn't as gentle as yours—and he was saying that a man who had led such a life as my condition indicated, couldn't stand much of a show to get well under the circumstances. There, now, lad," as Dave put in a word of protest, "don't try to alter the case. He's right, of course."

"Oh, not of course, Styles!" said Dave. "Walton and his battalion will be along here any time now, and then we can move all the sick to the city. You may be as well as ever after you go home."

"Home?" The man lingered over the word. "I haven't been home for fifteen years, but if I live I will go back again. It's a poor little cottage, and I thought it too small to hold me, once. I left my mother there alone, and drifted West. I followed every wild thing that came my way, and that sort of life doesn't tend to elevate a man. Then came the war, and remembering that my father had been a soldier, I enlisted and resolved to pick myself up out of the mire. But here I am, done for, and I haven't fired a single shot!"

Dave tried to put in a soothing word, for the man's eyes had grown strangely bright with excitement.

"Your opportunity may come, Styles," he said, but the man interrupted him.

"I think the surgeon was about right, sonny. Talking does seem to tire me. Say, Dave, if it's not too much trouble, will you write a letter to my mother for me?"

Tell her that I'm coming home; that—oh, well, you know what to say."

Dave assented, and for a little while the silence in the tent was broken only by the scratching of the young hospital steward's battered pen. Presently he raised his head and read aloud what he had written.

"Anything more, now?" he asked. "Just 'Your loving son, Samuel Styles,' eh?"

The man laughed.

"Not Sam Styles, lad. I've carried that name through some pretty tough scenes, but we'll drop it here. Sign the thing 'Sam' and address it to 'Mrs. Caroline Tracy, Swift Falls, Vermont.'" He turned wearily toward the wall as he spoke, and closed his eyes.

David Hall sat staring, dumbfounded, too much surprised to speak or move. A cold chill passed over him, as he realized what this sudden disclosure meant. This man, rough and coarse, bearing upon his wasted face the marks of an evil, wild life, was the son of the dear old lady who had been so much to David. He would come, in his rough, blustering way, to the home that she had made so pleasant—for Dave; he would reap the benefit of all that she had planned—for Dave.

The boy rose, and softly stepped to the door of the tent, striving to think clearly. The chill had now given place to a burning fever. He saw his home, his prospects, and his profession swept away out of his reach, and their loss meant the overthrow of his life's ambitions. He crushed the letter fiercely in his hand, with a mad thought that he would not surrender to this wretched outcast; he

would not send the letter, and it was probable that Styles would never—then, suddenly, his upturned eyes caught sight of the flying folds of Old Glory, and below it the standard of the Red Cross, and he humbly bared his head in a silent resolve to be true to the principles for which those banners stood.

Then a flood of softer emotions came to strengthen him. It was not so long since he had known the tenderness of a mother's love, and he knew what joy it would be to this dear old lady to receive her son again into her arms. How often she had spoken, with tears in her eyes, of Sammy!

"Perhaps if we had had more to make the home comfortable he would not have gone away from me," she would say, "but the little cottage was so bare!"

Well, the cottage was not bare now; there was enough to give Sam all the comforts he could desire, Dave thought, as he smoothed again the crumpled letter.

A cry from within the tent recalled him. He stepped to the patient's side, but there was no reason in the eyes that looked up at him. The man was babbling a broken string of disconnected speeches, and Dave bent over him in deep concern. There was nothing for it but to send in haste for Doctor Moore, but when he came he set Dave's self-reproach aside by explaining that he had expected this turn in the case, and that nothing could have prevented it.

"It's most unfortunate, however," said the doctor. "I have orders to report at Kinola, and leave Doctor Lang

here in charge, but none of the fellows will treat this poor chap as well as you have. Of course, you go with me."

Dave looked up quickly.

"If it's all the same to you, doctor, I'd like to stay with him for a while."

"Oh, come, lad this wreck of a man isn't worth it! You've been here too long, as it is. That unhealthy mist from the moat is making you look rather white already. Aren't you well?"

"Yes, oh, yes! Nothing wrong with me, doctor," was the reply, given as cheerily as possible.

The doctor's searching glance was fixed on the lad's face.

"I promised Mrs. Tracy to keep my eye on you, you know. You're all she has, and——"

"Not all, doctor," interrupted Dave in a husky whisper. "She has him, too!" He pointed to the patient, lying quiet for a moment on the cot.

The doctor looked with a puzzled frown, from the patient to the young hospital steward.

"Him?" he said—"Styles?"

Dave nodded. "Styles," he said, with an attempted smile,— "Styles is Sam Tracy."

The doctor uttered an exclamation of amazement, and stood looking down at the man.

Dave drew a long breath, and straightened up.

"You know how I feel about it," he said, looking steadily into the doctor's eyes. "I'll stay here and pull him through, if possible. It's—a bond of honor."

The doctor laid his hand on Dave's shoulder in a firm, kind grip.

"Well, try it, lad," he said. "I don't like leaving you here, but if things go well with Styles, you can send him on to the city with the rest of the sick, and then join me at Kinola. Walton and his battalion will be along here in a day or two, anyhow; it wouldn't be safe to try to move these poor fellows under the handful of men that the colonel could furnish for an escort. The natives around here are becoming very troublesome, and you know how much respect they have for the Red Cross flag.

"They'll scatter as soon as Walton comes," Dave answered with confidence, as he walked with the surgeon toward the door of the tent. "The men say that the impetuous way that he has of dashing along at the head of the troops scares the natives out of all thought of fight."

The voice of the patient rose high in a constant babble, with but one clear theme running through it:

"I haven't fired a single shot! I haven't fired a single shot!"

"Yes, he's a daring horseman and a splendid soldier," said the doctor, replying to Dave, but with his eyes on the cot. Then with an intent look into the lad's face, he asked:

"You're sure you don't care to come with me, Dave?"

"I'm sure, doctor," was the steady rejoinder. "I'll stay here, for her sake, with him."

Three heavy days went by, for the natives grew more bold as their numbers increased, and Walton did not

come. Alarming rumors floated in and around the tent where David Hall watched night and day beside his patient. No gleam of reason had come to the man; always that senseless babble, and the complaining murmur, "I haven't fired a single shot!"

On the fourth morning the camp was astir with a new alarm. The natives had surprised the camp with an attack. There was hurry confusion on all sides; there had been no indication that the natives would attempt so bold a move, but David Hall's heart sank, as he listened to the sounds of battle from the plain below. He stood at the door of the tent and his anxiety grew with every moment; presently the stress of the situation drew him down the slope, to a point from which he could watch the movement of the battle. He was so absorbed in the fortunes of his comrades that he did not see Styles, wild-eyed and weak stagger out of the tent, and over to where the surgeon's horse was tied beneath a tree.

David's intent gaze was upon the natives as they steadily advanced; the defense was breaking, losing ground with every moment. There was an effort on the part of the men to hold together and close around the hospital tents, but the suddenness of the attack made even this movement uncertain.

Suddenly from the hill road came a signal of pistol shots; then Dave heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs on the bridge above, and a single horseman was seen rapidly crossing the open stretch of road along the hill slope. The rider disappeared, as the downward curve of the

road wound under the trees, but his appearance had a magical effect on the all but defeated men.

"Walton! Walton!" came the enthusiastic cry, as the men drew together again.

"Walton! Walton!" The plain rang with the name, and the natives, in confusion, broke and fell back, scattering as they ran.

"Walton!"

David Hall had taken up the cheer, and he ran up the road to greet the dashing horseman whose picturesque heroism had made him famous in the island warfare.

The horseman came on at a splendid gallop, but as he approached, Dave saw him sway in the saddle. Then, fixing an intent gaze on the rider, he recognized, not the dashing commander, Walton, but his patient, Sam Styles. The next moment Dave was out in the middle of the road, catching at the bridle of the plunging horse, urged to its highest speed by its mad rider. Before he could get the animal under control, Styles swayed again in the saddle, and fell at the lad's feet.

The boy was down beside him in an instant to raise his head, and the man's eyes opened on Dave's face of amazement and concern.

"Not a single shot!" he began, but Dave hastily broke in:

"Why, Styles, they broke and ran before you! You've routed them all, but how did you——"

A ghastly change had come over the man's face.

"Are they running?" he gasped. "Then tell her—my mother—she was proud of being—a soldier's wife—and

now—she needn't be ashamed—of having been also—a soldier's mother. I know, she was your old lady—too——”

His head sank, but the eyes opened again for an instant.

“Good-bye!” he said, with a faint smile, and Dave, meeting the last friendly look of the dim eyes, whispered:

“Brother!”

Then a gasp told the young hospital steward that all was over.

IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD.

BY MORRIS WADE.

Every building and monument having anything to do with the development of that which led up to the Declaration of Independence and our splendid Fourth of July should be an object of interest and veneration to every patriotic boy and girl in the land. No city in America is richer in associations of this kind than the city of Boston, for it was here, as John Adams said, that "the child Independence was born."

If you were to visit the city of Boston I suspect that the first place you would like to visit would be the Bunker Hill, with its towering monument commemorating one of the most important events in our American history.

A still more important and far more venerable object is the famous old State House on Washington street, in the shadow of the great modern "sky-scrapers" by which it is surrounded. It is worth while to know something about this old building erected in the year 1713. Upon the mural tablet at the foot of the stairs leading to the second story one may read a brief history of this venerable structure:

On This Spot Stood Until Its Burning;
October, 3, 1711,
The First Town House Of Boston:
Founded in 1657 By the Liberality of
Captain Robert Keayne.

Here In 1713 Was Erected the
Second Town House,
Whose Walls Endure to This Day, as
do the Floors
And Roof, Constructed In 1747,
After a Second Fire
Had Devastated Its Chambers.
Here the Loyal Assemblies
Obeyed the Crown!
Here the Spirit of Liberty was
Aroused and Guided
By the Eloquent Appeals and
Sagacious Councils
Of Otis, Adams, Quincy, Warren,
Cushing, and Hancock;
Here the Child Independence
Was Born;
Here Washington Received the Tribute
of an Enfranchised People;
Here Was Installed the Government
of a New State;
Here for Ten Years Our Civil
Rulers Assembled;
And Here,
By the Vote of the City
Council of 1881,
Have Been Reconstructed in Their
Original Form,
The Council Chamber and

Representative Hall.
Hallowed by the Memories of
The Revolution,
May Our Children Preserve the
Sacred Trust.

It was from the balcony of this historic building that George Washington reviewed the troops upon the evacuation of Boston by the British. It was from a window of this building that the people of Boston heard, on the 18th of July, 1776, the fine old Declaration of Independence read for the first time. It was directly in front of this building that the famous "Boston Massacre" occurred on the fifth of March in the year 1770. It was in the Old State House that John Hancock was inaugurated as the first Governor chosen by the people, and you may stand in the very rooms in which Washington and many of the patriots of his day stood, and in which they lifted up their voices to protest against all that was unfair and unjust. One may find here many most interesting relics of long ago days, and no visit to Boston is complete without a call at the Old State House than which there is no more historic building in New England.

Within three minutes' walk of the Old State House is another ancient building dear to the hearts of patriotic Bostonians and an object of interest to all loyal Americans. This is famous old Faneuil Hall, in which was kindled the divine spark of liberty that resulted in the determination on the part of the colonists to break away from British oppression. Faneuil Hall has long been

known as "The Cradle of Liberty." The first Faneuil Hall was given to Boston by one Peter Faneuil in 1742, and was dedicated to liberty and also to loyalty—"loyalty to a king under whom we enjoy this liberty."

In January of the year 1761 the first Faneuil Hall was burned, nothing but the bare walls being saved. In the year following the erection of the present hall was begun, a part of the money for its cost having been raised by a lottery, the General Court authorizing this method of raising the money, as it was not unusual in those days to raise money for public purposes by lotteries. One of our historians has said of Faneuil Hall:

"In this hall, from its first erection, were held those great Boston town-meetings, the heads of which, Thomas Hutchinson, when in the governor's chair declared, influenced all public measures. It was the popular gathering place for the courageous expression of public sentiment at every crisis of Provincial times. Here in 1772 the first Boston Committee of Correspondence empowered to state the rights of the colonists with the infringements thereon, was established upon a motion by Samuel Adams, which Bancroft says, contained the whole Revolution, and which the Tories declared to be the source of the Rebellion. From the days of the pre-Revolutionary leaders to our own times, hosts of orators and statesmen have spoken from its inspired platform. Upon the joyful tidings of the repeal of the odious Stamp Act, in 1766 the hall was gayly illuminated by vote of the townspeople. Here General Gage, coming in 1774 as royal governor to execute obnoxious laws, was received with a public

dinner, when he gave the toast 'To the prosperity of the town of Boston!' although the ruinous Boston Port Act was pending. During the siege of Boston the hall became a playhouse under the patronage of a 'Society for Promoting Theatrical Amusements,' composed of the British officers and ladies of the little Tory society of the besieged town. Soldiers were the actors. One night in January, 1776, when 'The Blockade of Boston,' a local farce from the facile pen of General Burgoyne was being performed, the audience was scattered in a panic by the sudden appearance of a sergeant bringing the startling report of a 'Yankee' attack upon the British works at Charlestown."

Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips and many of the greatest orators of more modern times have lifted up their voices in Faneuil Hall for that which was right and true, and it is to this day a hall devoted to free speech. The lower part is now used as a market place.

One can ride to Bunker Hill from Faneuil Hall in about ten minutes, and it is worth while to climb to the monument by the spiral stairway and look down on the great city below and far out over the beautiful harbor of Boston. In front of the monument is a splendid bronze statue of Colonel Prescott, who uttered the famous words: "Don't fire till I tell you! Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes!" The statue stands on the spot on which the valiant colonel stood when the great battle began and he waved his sword as a signal for his troops to fire. Lack of space will forbid any account of the great battle of Bunker Hill, one of the most important

and thrilling events in the history of our country, and one with every detail of which our American boys should be familiar. The history of the monument is as follows: "Begun in 1825, completed in 1842. Cornerstone laid by Marquis de Lafayette, under the direction of the Massachusetts Grand Lodge of Masons; the orator of the occasion being Daniel Webster. The last stone of the apex was raised on July 23, 1842, Edward Carnes, Jr., riding on it to the top, and waving an American flag, amid the firing of cannon and other rejoicings. Dedicated June 17th, 1843, Daniel Webster again being the orator of the day. There was a vast crowd and among other men of distinction was President John Tyler and his cabinet together with several survivors of the battle. The monument is built of courses of granite taken from a quarry in Quincy near Boston. The first railway in the country was laid for the purpose of bringing the stone from Quincy to be used in the monument. The monument was designed by Horatio Greenough. It is thirty feet square at the base and rises to a height of two hundred and twenty feet. The cost of the monument was met by popular subscription."

The seventeenth of June is always observed as a holiday in the city of Boston, and thousands of people visit Bunker Hill and climb to the top of the monument on this day.

Across the river Charles, in the beautiful Cambridge, suburb of Boston, is a house closely associated with the history of our country and made still more famous in later years as the residence of Henry W. Longfellow.

Here General Washington made his headquarters for eight months and until after the British were driven from Boston. The house was built in the year 1759 by Colonel John Vassal and it was one of the finest mansions in the country at that time. John Vassal was a staunch loyalist and at the close of the war his property was confiscated. The house then became the property of a ship owner named Nathaniel Tracy and later a Boston merchant named Thomas Russell purchased it. Finally it came into the hands of Dr. Andrew Craigie and it became known as Craigie House. Dr. Craigie was apothecary general of the Continental army and a man of much distinction. He entertained Talleyrand at Craigie house in 1795 and many distinguished men have been guests here. After the death of Dr. Craigie his widow received college students and professors as boarders in the house, and Longfellow came here to board when he was a young professor. In 1843 Longfellow became owner of the house and here he lived until his death and here his daughter, Miss Alice Longfellow, still resides. The favored visitor to the house may see the drawing room in which Madame Washington received her guests and one may also see the room in which Washington slept. It is still a very stately old mansion and hundreds of tourists visit it every year.

At Newburgh, New York, may be seen Washington's headquarters while he was at that place. The house is of stone and is very ancient. It stands in a beautiful park near the Hudson, one of the most beautiful rivers in the world.

Independence Hall in Philadelphia brings to mind many things closely associated with the growth of and the final triumph of the spirit of independence in our country. Here may be seen the old liberty bell, one of the most highly treasured relics of Revolutionary days. It stands within a case of quartered white oak on rubber-tired wheels so that it may be quickly removed in case of fire. This famous old bell was cast in Whitechapel, England, and it arrived in Philadelphia in the year 1752. The next year it raised its voice a number of times for the Assembly to convene and attend to matters having to do with the raising of money and these were our first constitutional revenue laws. It clamored so violently that it made a great crack in itself and it had to be recast.

When, in 1755, the Assembly declared the right of the colonists to make their own laws the liberty bell rang forth its approval of the measure. It rang out a Godspeed to Benjamin Franklin when he went to England to ask that many wrongs might be righted. It rang forth in loyal obedience to his Majesty when George the Third was proclaimed King of England, for at that time the colonists had no thought of breaking away from the mother country. But some such thought had come into the minds of the colonists by the year 1764, when the bell cried out for the Assembly to come together and take measures to enforce the Stamp Act and other unjust taxes.

The bell tolled dismally in the year 1765 when it was known that a ship had arrived bringing the hateful stamps, against which the Assembly had in vain pro-

tested. In the year 1768 the bell set up a great hue and cry and called the merchants and others most interested to come together and take some action against still more unjust acts of the British Parliament, relating to the manufacture of woolen materials, hats, steel rails, and other things that the colonists must have.

Then, in 1773, the bell let it be known that the buying of tea was almost an act of treachery on the part of the colonists since the tea had been so heavily and so unjustly taxed by Parliament. The bell tried to say, "Stop using tea! Stop using tea!" and many loyal-hearted men and women, dearly as they loved this beverage, did stop using it, so that there was no sale for the hundreds of chests of tea in the ships at anchor in the harbors.

When the great battle of Lexington was fought on the nineteenth of April in the year 1775, the bell rang loudly to proclaim the event which had so much to do with the proclaiming of the great Declaration of Independence that came soon after the battle was fought. In the years that followed the Declaration of Independence, the liberty bell rang joyfully on each recurring Fourth of July, and it tolled in a way that brought tears to thousands of eyes and made many hearts quiver with sorrow when, one by one, Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Hancock, Franklin and others, who had helped to bring about our American independence passed on to the land where there is no strife, but all are lovingly loyal to the great King of Kings.

The liberty bell, now getting far along in years, but still strong in voice, rang out a royal welcome to Lafayette when he came to Philadelphia in September of the year

1814. In 1832 the bell solemnly proclaimed the death of Charles Carroll, who was the last survivor of all those loyal men and true who had had the great privilege of signing the Declaration of Independence.

On the 21st of July in the year 1834, the bell announced the death of Lafayette, who had died on the 20th of May, but there were no Atlantic cables and no "ocean greyhounds" speeding across the Atlantic in a week in those days, and it was not until two months after his death that the bell proclaimed the sorrowful fact to the thousands in America who loved Lafayette.

In 1835 the bell rang its own death knell while tolling for the death of Chief Justice Marshall, for even while it was pealing forth, a great rent came in it and its voice was suddenly silent. It was not recast and it is more interesting as a relic in its present condition than a recast bell would be. Recasting the bell would have destroyed many associations that make it one of the most interesting relics in our land. Men stood hatless before it when it was on exhibition at the great World's Fair in Chicago. Fathers held their children up that they might lay hands on the old bell, whose voice had so many times cried out for the liberty that every true American prizes above all other earthly possessions. Silent though it is, the old bell speaks to us out of its past and tells tales that all boys and girls should hear with renewed determination to be true to their native land.

HOW THE BOYS BEAT GOVERNOR TRYON.

FRED MYRON COLBY.

Jacob and Joseph Rodney were hoeing corn in their father's great field beyond the orchard. It was getting late in the hot July afternoon. The sun hanging just above the western woods glowed sullenly through the haze at the green growing shoots whose leaves in many places were beginning to curl from the protracted drouth. The two boys had nearly finished their labor, and the cornfield looked as new and fresh as a field could look in a dry and thirsty time.

"It don't look like rain to-morrow," said Joseph as he straightened up for a moment, leaning upon his hoe handle, "and the last moon was a dry one."

"I don't know what will happen if the drouth keeps on," answered Jacob. "Though perhaps 'twon't make any difference if the British——"

"There's Ben Waldron coming back," interrupted Joseph, as a cloud of dust appeared in the road on the other side of the wall, and a horse and wagon rattled into view.

Both of the boys started for the wall, their hoes in their hands.

"What's the news, Ben?" they hallooed, as the old gray mare halted in the road.

"News enough, I should think," answered Ben, who was about Jacob's age, Joseph being a year younger. "Old Governor Tryon's down in Greenwich with a body of

British and Tories burning and destroying everything. They say there's more than five hundred, and they are sure to come this way."

The Rodney boys stood staring at the informant of this startling tale. At last Jacob managed to grasp:

"Governor Tryon coming! That's a pretty pass. Then there will be a fight!"

Just then there was the sound of galloping hoofs down the road, and a horseman all dust and sweat and his steed all foam dashed by.

"To arms! Tryon is coming! Tryon is coming! Meet at the old church at the corner at dark," and the rider swept on.

"That's Jim Carter, the landlord's boy at the Red Shield down at Stamford Borough. He'll stir them up, I reckon," said Ben. "What do you suppose they'll do?"

"Fight the old Tory, I hope," replied Jacob, with emphasis. "We can make it hot for him if we half try."

"That's so," assented Ben. "We can give them a smell of Yankee powder anyway."

"Well, Jake, there isn't much use in trying to finish that piece to-night, so let's go home to supper."

"You'll be there, Ben?" inquired Jacob.

"Of course, and a dozen more of us," answered the lad in the wagon, as he chirruped to old Dobbin. "If we are boys we can do something."

Old Dobbin started into a slow, heavy trot, and as Ben went up the road in his old rumbling wagon the Rodney boys walked across lots to their home.

The Rodney farm house stood off from the main road,

a long walled lane connecting it with the 'country thoroughfare. The father of the family was away in the patriot army under Washington, and the management of the great farm was left with Mrs. Rodney and the two boys, who were aged respectively fifteen and fourteen years. It was hard work but by dint of persistent effort and good judgment they had succeeded in keeping their farm up to the standard, and raising crops that were the envy of their neighbors. The outlook presented by the raid of Tryon's dreaded dragoons was not a pleasant one. It was a very solemn repast—that evening meal in the Rodney household.

As Jacob took down the two muskets that hung over the mantel, and loaded and primed the weapons after supper, Mrs. Rodney observed in a serious tone: "Do not run into needless danger, my children, but I do hope you will be able to do something for your country."

"Well, good-bye, mother," said Jacob and Joseph, in chorus. "Don't worry about us. We'll come out all right, and I shouldn't be surprised if we beat Tryon yet."

"The Lord of hosts be with you and all of our country's defenders," answered the mother. And she stood in the doorway and watched her sons depart through the gathering gloom with a heart full of mingled emotions, as many another mother has seen her sons go away to battle.

It was in the far away year of 1780, "when George the Third was king," and the American colonies were fighting for their independence. Jacob and Joseph Rodney were live boys and knew what the war all meant. They could remember how their young blood thrilled when the

news came to the little Connecticut town of the first blood shed at Concord and Lexington. It was stirred anew at the battle of Bunker Hill and the Declaration of Independence. They knew that the next day was the anniversary of the latter event, and though it had not yet become the custom to celebrate it as it is celebrated now, still the boys had made arrangements for a little Fourth of July fun. The prospect of this was all changed now by the raid of the Tory troopers, and any thought of observing Independence Day was as absent from their minds as though it had never existed, as they hastened to the church at the Corner.

The old church at Stamford Corner presented a strange spectacle as the late summer night shut down. A couple of lamps filled with whale oil cast a dim light over the interior. Some sixty or seventy men and a dozen or fifteen boys were assembled there, each one with his musket in his hand. Every few minutes others came in. All were stern and determined, and in small groups they gravely discussed the situation. Once in a while some youngster, wholly unfledged in the tactics of war, would break out into a wild, wire-drawn whistling that would fairly set on edge the teeth of the more wary portion.

"Look here, Bill Weston, if I hear any more noise out'n that head of yours, I'll show you how to be quiet more quick than perlite."

The young fellow slunk away at this rebuke, and somebody said, "Don't, Cap'en, be cross. I reckon not another man of us would stick to his post here better than Bill would."

Here the young man called Bill reached over and touched the "Cap'en's" arm.

"Look ye there, Cap'en, to the sou'west."

"What is it, Bill?" asked an old bronzed-cheeked man, farthest in the group, as he put his finger on the breech of his flintlock.

"There's a fire off there a mile and a half. It's some farm house the Tories are burning."

At that moment a horse dashed up to the door. Everybody turned toward the entrance as a young man entered who had a decided military air.

"Well, Major, what's the news?" cried a dozen voices.

"They're coming, but it's not as bad as I feared. Four hundred of the Tories have camped down at Greenwich, but Tryon and about two hundred dragoons are riding up this way. They mean to burn Colonel Davenport's house and some others, and ride back at their leisure."

"Where is the colonel?"

"Up at Hartford, at the Assembly. I have warned the family, and they have taken measures to escape, but we can prevent this destruction of property, in my opinion."

"What's your plan, Major Armstrong?" And the whole throng of patroits gathered around the new arrival.

"Well, men, it's this. Here are nearly four score of brave hearts. I know you all, and any one of you can lick twice your weight of Tories or redcoats. Well, Tryon is coming up from Greenwich way. His road lies through Davenport woods, so called. We will hide in the grove in two bodies on the same side of the road, but one party farther down than the other. If he passes the

first the second will give him good greeting, and he will then be placed between two fires. Men, will you accept me for your leader?"

"Aye! aye! to the death," was the answering shout.

"It is well," returned the major. "Captain Simpson, will you take charge of the second division? Men, are your weapons in order? If so, let us be on our way, and remember the hearthstones they have devastated in their ravaging career."

In less than five minutes the church was empty, and they were on their way to the grove, half a mile distant.

Our boys followed the rush, but once out in the night air they lost their timidity and began to talk among themselves.

"I know of a trick as good as any of theirs," said Ben Waldron, with a wise shake of his head.

"What's that?" and the dozen or so of lads gathered around the speaker.

"Well, you know there's Old Tige all loaded and ready for the morrow. It's at your house, Alf Peasly, and we go right by there. Now, four of us can carry it to the grove. Then we'll get a couple of lines and stretch them across the road some twenty feet apart and about two feet high, and we'll take our stations. See?"

"Of course! It's a splendid idea, Ben, and we will make you captain."

"No; I want Jake Rodney here for captain."

"All right; he's our man," they cried in chorus.

"Now, Ben, this isn't fair. You are a month older, and it's your idea," said Jacob, holding back.

"It doesn't make any difference," answered Ben. "As the descendant of Sir Richard Rodney, the favorite knight of Coeur-de-Lion, you have a claim."

"But the Declaration of Independence knocks all such claims higher than a kite," protested Jacob.

"Captain Rodney, time is short, and there is much to be done," said Ben, taking off his ragged hat, and the other boys exclaimed, "That's so; let's hurry up."

Captain Rodney gracefully accepted the situation.

"Well, then, boys, business is business," he said. "Alf, I delegate you to look after Old Tige; you can select the others to help you. And, Ben, you must procure the two ropes. They'll need to be twenty feet long or so, and we'll march for the ravine."

"There's your mother in the door now, Alf," cried a voice.

"What is it, boys?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"We are going to beat old Governor Tryon and his Tory crew," answered Alf, and four of the boys brought out Old Tige, which you must know was a homemade cannon. The idea had been suggested by a print in an old illustrated copy of Froissart's Chronicles, and the boys had put their wits together and manufactured quite a respectable piece of ordnance. It was made of six pieces of two-inch oak plank three inches wide riveted together, and the whole strongly hooped with iron at the blacksmith's. The cannon had been tested, and had given so good satisfaction, speaking with thunderous tones, that the boys christened it Old Tige. Of the work it performed this July night we have to tell.

The cannon, mounted on its temporary framework, was taken in hand and carried by the young patriots to the scene of action. Jacob's plan was to cut across the fields and take a position a little lower down than that proposed by Major Armstrong. Here was a narrow gulch through which a small stream flowed on its way to join the Turn River. A growth of wood was on either side of the road, which made the place quite dark, although the stars shone brightly in the sky.

Arrived at this point, it was but a moment's work to stretch the two lines across the highway, making them fast to saplings on either side of the way. The cannon was pitched in the middle of the road about four rods above and facing the approach from Greenwich. It had been previously loaded nearly to the muzzle with nails, old spikes, and small pebbles, and a bush was placed in front of it, so that the light of the blazing fuse might not be visible to the approaching Britons.

At Jacob's command, the boys armed themselves with a handful of goodsized cobble stones, which they had orders to throw as soon as the dragoons crossed the first rope. They were then to give as loud a yell as their united voices could make, touch off the cannon, discharge their muskets, and await developments. Jacob had taken it upon himself to fire Old Tige, and he had thoughtfully provided a flint and tinder box with which to light the fuse.

Meanwhile one of the boys had gone down the road a distance to procure information of the enemy's approach. In less than fifteen minutes he returned reporting

that they were coming half a mile below. Instantly every boy was in position, and with beating hearts they waited the appearance of the British squadron.

It seemed an age to the anxious and impatient young patriots, but it probably was not more than ten minutes before tramp! tramp! came the sound of horses' hoofs along the hard-worn highway. And now their hearts almost stood still, as, peering through the darkness, they could perceive the moving shadows of men on horseback advancing up the road. The dragoons came on in a close mass, little dreaming of the reception that was prepared for them. The boys had not long to wait.

The enemy rode forward en masse, talking and laughing of their exploits among the Yankee rebels, when suddenly their laughter was turned to angry oaths. What had been an orderly, compact body was a struggling, confused mass. The concealed rope had tripped their foremost ranks so beautifully that nothing could have done better.

"Now, give it to them, boys!" rang the fearless voice of the young patriot leader, and on the moment, rattle and whiz fell the shower of stones on the struggling mass of men and horses. In their fright and in the darkness they could see nothing, but the Tory leader did not lose heart.

"Forward!" he cried. "It's a rebel trick, but there ain't a baker's dozen of them."

Crack! crack! crack! blazed the musketry in the hands of the young patriots, and just then came the recoil from contact with the second rope. The ranks were threatened

with complete disorder, when, to add to the dismay of the redcoats, there came a report that shook the ground beneath their feet. A deadly storm of iron cut down men and horses, and the flying pieces of the burst cannon injured quite a number more.

If anything else was needed to turn the rout into a flight it was presented by the appearance of the band of patriots, who, alarmed by the sound of war below them, now poured from their hiding place in the grove. Before they arrived at the scene they were met by Jacob, who was running with all his might.

"We've beat them! we've beat them! hurrah! hurrah!" he cried, and he danced up and down in the middle of the road like a crazy person.

The patriots dashed down the hill, but the enemy had fled. Broken and dismayed, they were in hot flight and did not draw their reins until they arrived at the camp from which they had ridden so proudly a few hours before. Stamford had been saved, and Governor Tryon and his redcoat troopers were fairly beaten by a parcel of patriot boys.

"Three cheers for young America!" cried Major Armstrong. "Independence is secure so long as young hearts beat with patriotism."

And the three lusty cheers echoed and re-echoed among those old Connecticut hills until one might have thought that Freedom herself had spread her wings over a liberated land. The very stars as they listened from their heights in the blue space of heaven, knew that America was freer, stronger, for the throb of patriotic fervor that pulsed through those young hearts and voiced itself in those glad huzzas.

A YOUNG HERO OF THE FRONTIER.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

Jim Irion was a seventeen-year-old boy. He was as fair as a girl, straight and supple as a hickory, and the most lovable, handsome, blue-eyed boy I ever knew. He met me in Sydney, Nebraska, in the winter of 1876, when old Sitting Bull was on the warpath, and when a few of us were trying to open up the Black Hills to the miners and prospectors.

"Captain Jack," said Jim walking up to me and saluting, "here is a note from Mr. Al Sampson of the Omaha Bee." I read the note which told me that the bearer, James Irion, was a Kentucky boy who had come west to seek his fortune, and was anxious to accompany me to the Hills. "I have no money," said the boy, "but I am not afraid of work, and if you just let me start with you, captain, if I don't obey orders and please you, you may drop me on the trail and I will walk back to the railroad." I grasped his hand, looked into his honest eyes, and said, "Jim, I will never drop you. Help that one-armed comrade of mine, John Smiley, to hitch up the oxen: We are ready to pull out."

In an hour we were on the way to Custer, via the Red Cloud Agency. The next day in crossing the Platte our two wagons, bull teams and all, went through the ice. Axes were gotten out and everyone went to work cutting the ice, as it was impossible to mount its brittle edges. A keg of brandy was taken out and tapped. The weather

was about ten below zero and blowing. Everyone took a good horn of brandy, except Jim and me.

"Don't you drink, Captain Jack?" asked Jim.

"No," I replied, "I do not know the taste of liquor. I had a saintly, God-fearing, devoted mother who suffered much from my unfortunate father's intemperance, which also deprived me of even the rudiments of an education, and when on her deathbed she asked me to promise her that I would never drink, I did. I have kept that promise and, God helping me, I will until the Master calls me to answer tattoo."

"Do you drink, Jim?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "nearly everyone drinks where I come from, but I shall never drink another drop, so help me God," and he reached for my hand while his blue eyes filled with tears. "I tell you, Captain Jack, when I write and tell that good mother of mine that I have signed the pledge, and why, she will get right down on her knees and thank God, and she will pray for you and for me every night."

I cannot remember when I was so much affected, and yet during all this time Jim and I were up to our knees in the cold water, chopping for dear life. We got our teams out at last and Jim and I hunted brush and dead wood, and soon had a blazing fire crackling and spurting its sparks out into the snow. In a short time we had another job on hand. There were six men besides Jim and me, and some part of each of them was frozen—fingers, toes, ears, or nose—while Jim and I were actually perspiring. We rubbed the frozen parts with snow and

there was no loss of any members. It is a fact, however, for I have proven it on the Klondyke in three years' experience there, that men freeze more quickly who drink than do those who do not.

In due time we reached the mouth of Buffalo Gap, an entrance to the Hills, just twenty-five miles from Custer City. We camped on a high piece of ground about a hundred yards from the creek. It was about four in the afternoon, and after turning our oxen and saddle-horses loose to graze we went to work fixing up for the night against a possible attack from a band of Sioux which Jim and I had sighted about noon that day, and which disappeared upon seeing our train.

"Do you think they will attack us?" Jim asked, while I was rubbing up my Winchester.

"Yes, I do, and we must be prepared for them. See that the Long Toms are all in order, because if they do attack we must repulse them with our Winchesters and then hold them at a long distance with the Long Toms."

"Say, Cap," said John Smiley, who was an old Indian fighter, "take a peep through these glasses. If there ain't an Indian laying flat on top of that knob I'm much mistaken." And, sure enough, just as I got a focus on the object it seemed to sink into the ground.

"That's sure an Indian, John," said I, "and he's gone." We knew then that they were watching us.

Just at dusk twenty mounted Sioux made their appearance half a mile south of where we saw the Indian lookout. Smiley was captain of the outfit and gave us orders like the veteran that he was. I watched Jim, his eyes

sparkling, and a serious light coming into his blue orbs as he approached me and said, "Captain Jack, can I fight near you?"

"Yes, my boy," said I. "Are you a good shot?"

"I can knock an eye out of a squirrel as far as I can see it, and if I don't get too badly scared I think I can knock an Indian's eye out, too. But I don't feel as though I was going to weaken while you are close by."

"Don't fire a single shot, boys, until you hear my rifle crack," the captain said, "but each pick out his Injun."

On they came—a thousand yards away—nine hundred—eight—seven—six—five—four—and yet no rifle shot and none from the other side. Jim and I, lying on our stomachs and sighting along the barrels of our guns and an Indian on the front sight, waiting—wondering why Jack Smiley's gun did not ring out the signal—when suddenly and before a shot was fired the Indians dropped into a gulch or swaig three hundred yards in front and out of sight.

"Ready!" said the captain, and ready we were, as soon as they should show their heads, two hundred yards away—but we waited and waited, one—two—three minutes—when Smiley exclaimed, "Euchred! Look at them! Where the infernal red devils have got to!" and looking to the left the entire band was seen bunched on a hill over a thousand yards away. They evidently saw that the emigrants were ready for them and not going to stampede, and they figured that most of them would go down if they ever came up over the rise on our side of the swaig. A council was held and it was decided that

the Indians would not attack until after sundown or in the night, and that someone must go to Custer and bring out help, as there was no doubt that they contemplated besieging us. We had the advantage of the hill and open ground, and, as it was moonlight, they could not very well approach unobserved.

Jim volunteered to run the gauntlet and go for help, and most of the others were in favor of his doing so. He was light, cool, and courageous, and the chances were in his favor if he was well mounted. But I demurred and gave my reasons, declaring that I myself would go just before the moon rose. Jim had no experience, the road was rough, and I knew the cut-offs. It was fairly dark and the moon would be up in half an hour. Bidding good-bye to the little party, with a warm grip from Jim's honest hand as he said, "God be with you, Jack," I started, leading my horse to the creek below. Here I took off my moccasins and, leading my horse, started to wade up stream, the current being swift and in the center open; this was to avoid leaving a trail. Nearly a mile I waded, and then, emerging into a clump of willows, I dried my feet with a towel from my saddle pockets, and rubbed until warm. I then donned my moccasins and mounting rode on half a mile farther up stream, where I could ride unobstructed by the willows which grew so thickly below. Then leaving the creek I urged my faithful little mustang into a lope for Custer City. It was all uphill so it was almost morning before I entered the cabin of Mose Melner, known as California Joe; and formerly one of Bedoun's Sharpshooters.

By seven o'clock twenty men were mounted and jogging along rapidly toward the Gap. It was about noon when we came in sight of the camp and heard the sharp report of the rifles. The camp was surrounded and besieged. California Joe gave orders about as follows: "Keep under cover as long as you can. When you can no longer keep out of sight use your spurs freely. Leave your guns in your slings. Get your six-shooters ready, and follow me. Deploy as you go and don't stop for nothing, understand!"

"All right, and I guess that's plain enough," said Frank Smith, "Antelope Frank."

No word was spoken until with a yell we dashed out into the open. The Indians never dreamed of help coming for they had not discovered my trail, and our presence was a complete surprise. Such a stampede is seldom seen. The Indians nearest us were compelled to ride within range of the campers. The result was, two Indians dropped from their horses, while another, badly hit, dropped his rifle and held on with both hands to the saddle. Some twelve more Indians had joined the original party and had opened on the camp just at daylight by charging, but were repulsed with the loss of one Indian. They then kept up the siege at long range, the boys using the Long Toms. One man and two oxen were wounded but the oxen could nevertheless help pull their loads into Custer before noon the next day.

John Smiley rode ahead with me after starting, and when I asked him how our scout, meaning Jim Irion, acted, he said, "Jack, that boy is a devil and an angel.

When the Indians charged at daybreak I was sound asleep, being worn out watching, while Jim was up and around an hour before I dared trust myself to leave him. 'Cap,' said he, 'can't you trust me and go to sleep. I don't believe I will scare if they come, and you need sleep.' When I jumped to my feet at the first crack of Jim's rifle the boy was hatless and in his shirt sleeves, yelling to the men to look through their sights, 'Don't get excited! Give it to them!' and as I jumped to his side outside the wagon he was pumping his Winchester like a veteran and yelling all the time like an Apache. The first thing he said was 'Cap, this reminds me of the Fourth of July. There they go, I knew they would quit before they got up to us. Get out your Long Toms!' and jumping for one of the long rangers he commenced firing and never let up until the Indians were a good mile off, and then turning to me he exclaimed, 'Oh, Cap, did I do the right thing?' And when I told him he was a hero and shook his hand, he said, 'I am awfully glad because it will please Captain Jack.' "

Well, Jim was really a hero, and if there is any one thing that a frontiersman, especially an old timer, loves, it is a tenderfoot that shows courage on such an occasion.

Jim stayed with me in Custer for months, helping me to build my cabin, and when I was made Chief of the Rangers he was my most trusty scout. I went to Chicago with someone to show the richness of our new Eldorado, the following June, and it was while there that Gen. P. H. Sheridan said, as I laid my ore speckled with gold upon his desk, "Captain Jack, this is the first substantial

evidence of quartz gold from the Hills," and my report and interview which appeared in the Chicago Tribune sent the first capital in to develop that wonderful country.

Jim and I had taken up some land as homesteads at the outlet of the Spearfish, where the city of that name now stands. The Indians were bad. While some men were cutting hay on the low land Jim was on a high hill watching for them, with his horse grazing near. He was looking out over the country toward Bear Butte, with my field glasses, while half a dozen Indians were worming their way on their hands and knees through the tall grass just below him. When within range six shots rang out almost as one. Jim reeled, fell to his knees, recovered, and, seizing his rifle, commenced to shoot. The men on the other side of the hill grasped their rifles and ran to his assistance. When they reached the spot Jim was unconscious and bleeding profusely from a wound in the left groin and another just above the heart. Jim had shot one Indian dead and wounded another, and the men drove the others off.

I reached our little cabin just as the men carried my dying boy from the wagon. He was as pale as death, but when he saw me a bright light came into his eyes and he reached out his hand to me, whispering, "Jack, dear Jack."

I could not speak; I only knelt by his side, smoothing back his yellow locks, while tears coursed down my cheeks. There had been a shooting tournament the day before at Spearfish and Jim competed. In his delirium he asked, "Jack, do I win a prize?" and just before the Angel of Death closed his eyes he said, "I did the best I

could, somehow," and his last words were, "Jack, we'll meet again, somewhere."

We buried him in the shade of a pine tree and some of the pioneer women brought wildflowers and fairly covered the grave of a real boy hero.

The Indians, afterwards, while I was out with General Crook on the Big Horn campaign, burned my cabin and wagon and stole my team, and I have never laid claim to ~~them~~ since. I never could have lived there, even in luxury, with the memory of that dead boy comrade always with me, and his lovely eyes seeming to speak and saying, "I did the best I could, somehow."

I had a friend in days long dead,
A friend into whose loving eyes
I looked one afternoon and said,
"To-night you win a heavenly prize."

He turned his blue eyes up to mine,
The dew of death was on his brow,
And whispered, "Comrade, I resign,
I did the best I could, somehow."

Some day, some way, that boy of mine,
Who gave his sweet young life for me,
Will join me in a fairer clime
Comrades through all eternity.

KIT CARSON, THE SCOUT.

The name of Kit Carson conjures up in the minds of some of the older boys many tales of adventure on the plains and in the mountains. A recent article in the "Garden of the Gods Magazine" gives some personal reminiscences of one who knew Kit Carson personally and called him friend and comrade.

"There was never a kinder or braver man," says he. "The day that I met him he was, with forty-two determined men about him, heavily armed and jaded from a hard night's ride over the trail. The Kiowa Indians were on the warpath, and Kit Carson and his little band had been sent with a message from the Santa Fe Company to a long wagon train that was crossing the plains. Carson, like his men, was dressed in buckskin and carried the latest pattern of rifle and revolvers. He rode a fine charger with a glossy black coat. He himself was of commanding appearance, though not a tall man, for his height was about five feet eight inches. His face was browned by years of life in the open air, his eyes a clear blue, and his air determined, yet kindly. Stocky in build, he seemed born for this very life of excitement and danger. Carson and his men, after he had delivered his message, accompanied the train as an escort. They swapped stories with the guards and traders and the tedious hours of daylight were spent right merrily. At night there was especial precaution in caring for the animals and picketing the camp.

"On the morning of the third day, Carson held a hurried consultation with his men, and in a few minutes the saddle horses of the scouts had been fastened to the rear of the wagons, each with a halter lariat tied inside of a wagon cover. Stranger still, each man silently disappeared under the cover of a big wagon and unfastened the side walls as the train moved on. In ten minutes an outsider would have been led to believe that the wagon train was traveling unguarded.

"I marveled at this," says the writer, "but I had been roasted for a tenderfoot too often, and I determined to wait for an explanation. It came soon enough. About three hours afterwards a scout who had been sent ahead, came flying back along the trail like mad. He fired a shot in the air as he came into sight and his yells of warning caused a commotion. Instantly the older of the men in the cavy squad began rushing the live stock into the center of an enclosure formed by the drivers hastily drawing into a sort of circle, and I was half pushed, half commanded to lie down under a wagon.

"We hadn't long to wait. A cloud of dust on the trail was followed by the appearance of at least three hundred redskins—the first I had ever seen on the warpath—rushing down upon us and yelling like demons. They were painted gaudily and their feather headdress added to their terrifying appearance. Up went their bows for a volley as they neared our improvised line of protection, and with a whirr the arrows flew thick among us.

"Two poor fellows, drivers, fell forward pierced with the deadly arrows, but the rest of us escaped without a

scratch. That was the last volley from the redskins. Every wagon cover flew open as if by magic and a volley of rifle shots rang out.

"It was the worst demoralized crowd of heathen you ever saw. Every bullet had found either an Indian or a pony. The drivers were armed with old-fashioned flintlocks, but they had joined in the fusilade, with deadly effect. Under a wagon I had drawn my little pepper box piece, but when the Indians gave the first charge I believe I must have dropped it, for it was a little too exciting to please me, and I don't think I ever shot the thing off. Anyhow I never saw the revolver again.

"When the volley came from the wagons, the Indians realized that they had been trapped and they tried to rally for a second onslaught. It was terrible disorder that followed. Wounded horses were plunging madly about, half dragging Indian riders from whom blood was streaming. Riderless horses were running over the plains frightened by the smoke and din. Fiendish savages were yelling and making vain attempts to reach the wagons while the more sensible were gathering horses to make a dash out of danger.

"Carson was ready on the instant. His voice rang clear, above the yells of the savages and the popping of guns:

"'After 'em, boys!'

"The tether lariats seemed to have been unfastened just as mysteriously as everything else had occurred, and from the rear of each wagon the scouts leaped to the saddles and, Carson in the lead, dashed out into the midst

of the disorganized crowd of warriors. The Indians made for the plains with the scouts at their heels and there was a hot chase for a few miles with bad results for the redmen. Heaven only knows how long I lay under the wagon watching the thrilling scene, but I didn't stir until hauled out by the drivers, who were reloading their old flintlocks.

"The scouts returned after their ammunition had been spent, and then came the sad part of the incident—the burying of our dead comrades, and the dozen redskins who had fallen in an unholy cause. It was my first work of this kind, and I confess that the wild western life didn't seem so attractive for a few days after that.

"Kit Carson and his men remained with the train for a month and there sprang up a love between us which was like that of a younger and an elder brother. Carson became my ideal—he was the ideal of all of his men—and although there was no actual military discipline among the company, the word of Carson was law. Kit took my part in all disputes, told me much about the west and about his home, and gave me good advice. My enthusiastic young soul was soon irrevocably enlisted in the service of the trapper.

"Where the trail split off to go over to Taos, the town founded in New Mexico by Carson a few years before, I attempted to leave the train. The death of the drivers in the Indian fight had so reduced our numbers that the traders refused to allow me to leave. I was virtually under contract and had no right to quarrel with them, but when Chamberlin, the first lieutenant of Carson, suggested

to me in a whisper that I would see the camp fires of the scouts a smart walk to the north, I took the hint and without a sign of my intentions carried into execution a plan which put me within the lines of Carson's camp before morning, and we made a hurried ride toward Taos.

"That was the beginning of years of happy comradeship with the man who, more than any one else, laid the foundation for the rapid settling of the western country. When we arrived at Taos I found the town composed of the large hewn log cabin of the Carson family, a number of adobe huts where lived the trappers and scouts of Carson's little army, and innumerable sheds and stables where were gathered the live stock of the community. My early book-learning qualified me for the position of stockkeeper for Carson, and I was installed in his home at once.

"Carson's family was an interesting one and no man ever lived who loved his home better or was more fond of wife and child. Mrs. Carson, 'Alice,' we called her, was a squaw and a chief's daughter, who had fallen in love with the daring hunter before the war of extermination began. She was a fine woman, and their little girl was one of the sweetest of children. In his home life I had great opportunity to study the character of the man who was my ideal.

"Mentally, he always gave one the impression of meekness. He was quiet about all that he did, ordinarily. He never blustered or boasted and never quarreled of his own choosing. But in resenting an insult or defending life he became a perfect devil and as fearless as if he

had possessed a charmed life—which we all verily believed that he did—more or less. Contrary to the popular belief of the people who never heard of him except as an Indian fighter, Kit Carson was an exceptionally pure man. He seldom used profanity and never told an unclean story, although he never openly objected to his men telling anything they chose. Born a Kentuckian, he rarely drank intoxicants and it was seldom that he smoked. In our hunting and trapping expeditions which led us into the Rockies as far north as Fort Benton, I saw and heard many things that proved to me that Kit Carson, while brave as a lion, was a man of dual character, as tender as a woman and as lovable as a man of the rougher life could well be."

THE WRECK OF THE MY LOVE.

NORMAN DUNCAN.

When Skipper Tom Black had obtained the command of the schooner *My Love*, bound north from Ruddy Cove—which is on the east coast of Newfoundland—to the Labrador, to trade for fish and oil, his friend, the shifty-eyed stranger, left the harbor by the first craft sailing south, though the *My Love* still had to be refitted and loaded with merchandise. At the time no significance was attached to this sudden departure. Nor, at the time, did the men of Ruddy Cove think it extraordinary that Skipper Tom should develop a strong fancy for the companionship of the young supercargo, late o' nights, in such places as where they might talk without interruption. Moreover, such was the skipper's reputation it was but to be expected that his cook and crew of two should be chosen from among the reckless spirits ashore—good sailors all, but men of careless habits of thought and conduct, or of weak will.

"Skipper Tom Black," said old man Topsail, with a shake of his head, some days before the *My Love* set sail, "'tis a queer crew you've picked."

"Maybe," said Skipper Tom, winking broadly, "she'll go to her wreck."

The supercargo, who of late had found some difficulty in looking honest men in the eyes, stood near. He burst into a loud, hard laugh, in which merriment was conspicuously lacking.

"Sure, and perhaps she will," he cried. "Who knows that the My Love won't be wrecked this voyage?"

Old man Topsail remembered the words and the laugh.

* * *

The My Love was fourteen hours out from Ruddy Cove, with a fair wind blowing, when Mark Trimlet, a stow-away, disclosed himself. It was then evening. The schooner was far on her course—far beyond the point where her owners would have excused a return to the Cove to land the boy. John Arnot, of the firm of Arnot & Co., traders, was not the man to overlook a sheer waste of time.

Skipper Tom knew this, and Mark Trimlet knew it, when they met face to face on the after deck. Mark had heard boisterous laughter in the forecabin when the skipper was at supper. He had made haste to take advantage of this period of good humor in which to brave the inevitable. To be sure, he was not prepared for the reception he got, for this man had given him many a jolly word in passing, ashore.

Skipper Tom stopped dead. His eyes, small and shot with red, opened wide and flared.

"Mark, b'y," said he, his voice charged with ironical pleasantry, "what be you doing aboard the My Love? Does you not know that I'm skipper of this craft?"

"Sure, Skipper Tom," Mark answered with a quick smile. "I stowed away."

The skipper drew down his thick eyebrows until they almost hid his eyes. It was a black scowl, full of the light of evil intention. The boy cowered before it.

"Now, did you, b'y?" said Tom sweetly. "'Tis kind of you. And why did you stow away?"

"'Twas yourself that told me you might take me along, sir. You said I was a good boy, and you might have work for me aboard the My Love."

"'Twas when I thought I might make use o' you; but I changed my mind. And where do you think you be going?"

"The My Love's bound for the Labrador," said Mark. "'Tis a coast I've never seen."

Such was his rage that Skipper Tom's great body fairly quivered. His voice, however, when he spoke again, was soft as a lover's whisper.

"The My Love, b'y," he said slowly, "is bound for the bottom. That, my b'y, is where you will strike land, if I have to heave you over the side to send you there."

Skipper Tom reached for a belaying pin. Mark started back in terror. The supercargo, who had been standing near, stepped forward and caught the skipper's arm.

"He's in the way," Tom protested angrily.

"None o' that," said the supercargo. "You shan't hurt the boy. 'Tis bad enough now. We'll be caught if you're not careful. We can get clear o' the boy later. Mark," turning to the lad. "Get for'ard, and keep out o' the way."

* * *

Mark fell easily into the routine of work aboard the My Love. He had known the schooner from the day her keel was put down in old John Arnot's little shipyard at Ruddy Cove. The Cove harbors but six hundred souls;

so, as a matter of course, he was on familiar terms with the cook and the two hands. It was plain, however, that he was not welcome. As the ship went from harbor to harbor, seeking trade where it was most likely to be found, he grew firm in the impression that some plan was afoot in which he was not concerned—some wicked plan in which they dared not let him have a part. He was uneasy; he wished that he had stayed at home to fish from his father's punt.

One night, when the vessel lay at anchor in Rocky Harbor, Skipper Tom and Ben Roth, the supercargo, came aboard late and went together to the after cabin. Mark crept along the deck to the companionway, and there lay still, listening intently. The crew were sound asleep in their hammocks in the forecastle.

"Put him ashore," Mark heard the skipper growl.

"'Twould be too suspicious," Roth replied. "He'd get back to Ruddy Cove somehow, and he'd tell a tale there that might land us in the jail at St. Johns. We can't afford to have talk."

"He mustn't be hurt," the skipper muttered.

"No!" Roth exclaimed. "I'll have no hand in that."

"Nor I," said the skipper. Then, after a pause: "He's a bad boy. Sure, there's not a worse boy in Ruddy Cove. Do you think——"

"He's got a bad name," said the supercargo, "but I don't think he's a bad boy. He——"

"A bad name's enough for me," the skipper interrupted. "The one's same as t'other. I had my eye on that boy before I shipped Bill for cook. He'll join. We'll take

him in—give him a share—say a hundred. That'll close his mouth."

"Tell him all?"

"Sure—tell him all. He's a bad boy, I say. Everybody says so. He'll join. Leave him to me. I'll speak when we get the fish ashore."

"And if——"

"Wait till the time comes," said the skipper sharply.

It was far into the night before Mark Trimlet fell asleep. He had not thought that he could fall into misery so deep. He was not a bad boy—not a vicious boy. But he was a careless fellow, with spirits so high that many a time they had leaped the bounds of good behavior. His pranks had been many and wild, his indiscretions many; all done through thoughtlessness. He had made mistakes which had brought bitterness to him. It was a mistake to run away—a sad mistake to go away without kissing his mother, though it was but for a month, and his brother Hugh would tell her where he had gone. But he had not meant to be wicked.

"A bad name!" he said to himself. "Sure, 'tis a bad one, indeed, I must have. They think because I've a bad name I'll do some wicked thing with them. Skipper Tom thinks so. Ben Roth thinks so. But I'll not do a wicked thing—no matter what 'tis—no matter what they do. I'm not bad. I never meant to be bad. A bad name! I'll change it; sure, I will. I'll get my good name back. I'll not have folk think I'll do anything they want just because I've a bad name. 'Twill be a good one after this. There'll not be a better name in Ruddy Cove!"

* * *

For two weeks after that night the *My Love* traded in the harbors of Labrador. At last, her merchandise was all exchanged for dried fish and seal oil and the livers of cod. Flour and salt pork, nails, homespun, sugar, molasses, spinning wheels, lanterns, needles, axes, feathers and ribbons, and all the rest of it, were disposed of. The hold was filled to the hatches with fish, packed away like cordwood; and the deck was crowded with casks and tierces. With a glad heart Mark saw the day of departure for the south approach. He wanted to be home—to be in an atmosphere of honest purpose once again. He was sick of the dread of some dark deed. Many a word and look had fed his suspicion since the time he lay on the deck by the companionway.

"'Tis time to be off," he heard Skipper Tom say to the supercargo, one day. "He'll be at Red Man's Island before us, if we stay any longer. Next week was the time fixed."

Red Man's Island. That was up the coast, far out of the homeward course. Why should the *My Love* make that a port of call? And whom was she to meet there? Mark was puzzled.

"We'll go out with the next gale," the supercargo replied. "'Tis a good wind we must have to bear out our story."

There was a gale in the eastern sky the next morning. The *My Love* went out in the teeth of it; and all the people in the harbor she left marveled. She ran north, and was soon enveloped in dense fog—hidden from the eyes of the folk ashore. All that day she labored through

high seas. The skipper told the supercargo that it was fine weather, and the supercargo boisterously agreed. Skipper and crew were in high good humor, though the *My Love* buried her rail, and a great wave washed part of her deckload away. All that day she labored; but, when night came, the wind fell somewhat, and she swept smoothly on to her destination. She was off Red Man's Island at dawn of the next day—a clear, warm day, when it broke, with smooth water inshore.

"Now for the land, lads," the skipper cried, when the anchor was dropped.

"Quick work for it, lads," said the supercargo.

Red Man's Island is a bleak, uninhabited place, three miles off the Labrador coast, which itself in that part is a desolation. Few ships pass that way in a year. There was no eye to see what might be done—no tongue to tell of the deed. The skipper and the supercargo went ashore. When they returned the crew was set to work. Mark asked no questions. He was not invited to bear a hand; nor would he have done so, even had he been commanded. What was the meaning of this work? They were unloading the ship. What right had they to do that? They were taking the fish to a gulch three hundred yards inland. Why? In three days, working laboriously, they had the fish and deckload stowed away ashore, and covered all over with tarpaulin. They had stripped the *My Love* of every dollar's worth of cargo. What was the plot? Mark was still outcast from it. But he knew that he would be informed.

"Mark, b'y," said the skipper on the fourth day, "come ashore with me."

The lad was taken to the spot where the cargo lay hidden. He prepared himself to say "No!"

"They be nine hundred quintals o' fish there," said the skipper. "Fish is worth four dollars and twenty cents a quintal, laid down in St. Johns. 'Tis three thousand seven hundred and eighty dollars that fish is worth in all. The deckload's worth four hundred dollars more."

Mark looked up, for the skipper had paused.

"'Tis all ours," said the skipper.

"No," said Mark quickly. "'Tis John Arnot & Co.'s of Ruddy Cove."

"'Tis ours," said the skipper. "Yours, too, if you be smart enough. The My Love was wrecked in the last gale. A flaw of wind turned her over. She went down off the Labrador coast—down in a hundred fathoms o' water. Understand? She was blown out of her course and capsized, and the crew was cast away on Red Man's Island, which they reached in the punt. Pretty soon they'll sail off in the punt to Rocky Harbor. Then they'll get gov'ment relief and be sent home to Ruddy Cove."

"Sure," Mark burst out, "the My Love's as sound as a bell!"

"B'y," Skipper Tom said impressively, "she'll be taken off shore this night and sunk."

"The My Love!" cried Mark, horrified. "Sunk! Scuttled!"

"Scuttled," said the skipper. Then, in a confidential way: "Do you remember my friend? Sure, you know

him. The man with the shiny shoes. Came with me to Ruddy Cove. Well, b'y, he'll be here in a schooner in three days. He'll load this cargo and carry it to St. Johns as fast as the wind'll take him. He'll sell it on the docks, and when we meet him in the States we'll be rich. Who's to know where it came from? Who's to know the crew of the My Love wasn't cast away? Now, b'y, will you join us?"

Mark was dumbfounded. He stared at Skipper Tom without saying a word. Join them?

"Think it over, b'y," said the skipper. Tell me tomorrow." His face flushed as he continued. "'Twould be hard to have to tell the folk at Ruddy Cove that Mark Trimlet was in the forecastle when the My Love turned over—was in the forecastle, b'y and went down with her."

Mark waited his time. Nothing was to be gained by precipitate action. He knew in his heart whether or not he would join in the plot. How clever a plot it was! The My Love disposed of, who could doubt the story of the crew? They could load the expected schooner, and sell the cargo in far away, busy St. Johns, without suspicion. Now the lad knew why he was not made welcome aboard. But what could they have done with him? They could not have put him ashore at one of the Labrador ports, for it would have made awkward questions for them at home. They could not murder him. They were not men of that stamp. Nor could they put off the deed. The arrangements were made. The plot must be executed. Then what was there for them to do, the boy

thought, but to approach him as the skipper had done, relying upon his bad name for success? They were simple men, after all. It may be that they did not realize how deeply they would commit themselves in making that proposition.

"They'll not hurt me," thought Mark. "They'll send me south in that schooner. Maybe they'll carry me off to the States. That's just what they'll do. 'Twill give them time to get clear."

Skipper Tom was as good as his word. That night the *My Love* was towed off shore, and, under cover of darkness shamelessly scuttled. Mark saw her, in shadowy form, as she heeled and went down; and he grieved for as fine a schooner as ever sailed the Newfoundland seas. A desperate deed thus to sink her. A foul deed for which punishment should be meted out—for this and for the robbery of John Arnot & Co., who were honest, generous traders!

No watch was kept on Mark. It did not appear to the conspirators that he could escape. Red Man's Island is not so large that a boy could not be found if he hid himself away. But they forgot the punt, which, all fitted out, was moored to the rocks. In the dead of night, when the skipper and all lay sound asleep, Mark stole from the dying fire to the water's edge. A quick search assured him that the punt was provided with sails and food and water. He cast off the painter and sculled noiselessly into the deep water.

While he was setting the sail he heard a man stumble along the rocky shore—stumble in haste:

"What you doing there, b'y?" Skipper Tom called.

The wind caught the sail. The boat heeled slightly under its influence, and moved swiftly from the shore.

"Sure, skipper," said Mark, "I be bound for Rocky Harbor. 'Tis a fair wind I have."

The punt was soon borne out of sound of Skipper Tom's voice. The island and the helpless men marooned there were soon lost in the night behind. A fair, strong wind took the little boat across the channel to the coast. Rocky Harbor lay twenty-one miles to the south. Mark could make the port by the night following if the wind held good. But could he make it in time to organize a party to return? Punishment was what these men deserved. Could he get back before the stranger's schooner arrived from the south? The men were in a trap, but the schooner would take them out if she came in time.

Contrary winds came. The punt made slow headway. Mark feared that he could not make Rocky Harbor by night. The difficulty, however, was solved for him. As he rounded the Cape of Bells a great steamer disclosed herself. She was a British man-o'-war—one of the fleet Great Britain keeps in those waters to protect her people on the shores where French and Newfoundlanders have equal rights to fish, as the treaty provides. They patrol the coast. So it was not at all surprising that she was steaming round the Cape of Bells.

"Yes, my boy," said the captain, when Mark had told his story. "It's in the line of my duty. I'll run down to Red Man's Island and take those scoundrels into custody."

Within a few hours the skipper, the supercargo, the cook and the crew of two were in irons. Within two days the schooner from the south was seized and her crew sent to keep company with their accomplices. There was no denying the charge. Evidence of guilt and to spare was found in the heaps of cargo ashore and in the auger holes in the bottom of the *My Love*, which a diver from the man-o'-war discovered.

Within two months the conspirators were in the jail at St. Johns.

At the same time Mark Trimlet was behind the counter in John Arnot & Co.'s store at Ruddy Cove, his good name restored.

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